

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

Number 437

Week Ending
AUGUST 6, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

BETRAYAL OF THE BIRDS

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THE FOUR FARMERS OF BORDEAUX

LETTING A BEETLE GO

An Enemy's New Hold on Europe's Food Supplies

INSECT WHICH CROSSED A CONTINENT

In Parliament the other day the House permitted the further progress of a new Bill enabling the Government to deal more effectively with destructive pests. They were the readier to do so on being informed that the damage done to crops in this country is estimated to cost us £12,000,000 a year.

Perhaps, however, the mention of the dread name of the Colorado Beetle, whose movements are causing alarm to our Ministry of Agriculture, was the most potent of all influences in hastening on the measure. The Colorado Beetle and the Cotton Boll Weevil are to modern agriculture what Alaric and Attila were to ancient civilisation.

Law Against a Beetle

The cotton boll weevil was unknown in the United States until 1892; in 1923 it destroyed £150,000,000 worth of American cotton. The Colorado beetle was first discovered in 1850 living on wild vegetation in Colorado. It passed from the wild plant to cultivated potatoes, and in less than a quarter of a century it had crossed the continent and spread into Canada.

Such havoc did it cause that, after the beetle had crossed the Atlantic and effected a temporary landing in the fields of Essex, a law was passed making it illegal to possess, sell, give, or in any way traffic in these insects in our land. Two years ago it was necessary to ban American potatoes lest the dreaded enemy should lurk in them.

A Great Chance Gone

All this makes us the more ready to condemn "with bell, book, and candle" four unknown farmers of the Bordeaux neighbourhood who are the unconscious cause of a panic in Europe. These four Bordeaux farmers discovered the Colorado beetle on their potatoes in the summer of 1921. They did nothing, they said nothing, with the result that in 1922 the pest was found widely distributed in their neighbourhood.

Since then the beetle has been steadily working its way north in Europe, and the only hope of grappling with it is to spray at a cost of £2 an acre; and potatoes occupy tens of thousands of acres of land. Six years ago four men, or any one of them, by mentioning their discovery to an official, might have stamped out a pest which may now cost Europe millions of pounds.

The Six Burghers of Calais live in our memories to stir our pity and admiration for quiet, self-sacrificing valour; the Four Farmers of Bordeaux may become as memorable for their indifference.

Ready for the Race



There is no more beautiful sight than a large yacht in full sail skidding through the water before the wind, and such a sight is now quite common round the English coasts as the yacht-racing season has begun. Here we see a yacht ready to start in the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club's Regatta at Falmouth

CENTENARY OF A BOY'S OLD FRIEND

THE boy who sits on the stile, the boy who plays his friends home when school is done, the boy who is the troop's musician when the Scouts gather round the camp fire before going to bed—all these are keeping a centenary this year, for it is a hundred years ago since a toy-maker in Trossingen made the first mouth-organ for his friends.

Many a boy will remember 1927 as Mouth-Organ Centenary Year! The mouth-organ has gone all over the world since the toy-maker of Trossingen made his. Men as well as boys have marched to it, and it has accompanied explorers on their travels.

The mouth-organ may have sounded in the Sahara. It must have brightened many of those brave companions who dared the Arctic night. It is the simplest of all musical instruments. Anyone can extract from it something that passes for a tune; and, though it sometimes sounds a wailing note, there is something

strangely consoling in its minor key; at any rate to the performer.

Nobody will be surprised to learn that the success of the first mouth-organ was complete from the first moment the inventor blew through its square holes, over which he had stretched a copper wire. The neighbours were as charmed by the sounds as if they had come from Orpheus and his lute, and they asked for more.

The toy-maker, eager to oblige his growing crowds of customers, retired to a disused dove-cot where his mouth-organs could be produced without fear of imitation by rivals. Afterwards he enlarged his trade, but it is interesting to remember that it was from a dove-cot that the soothing sounds first issued on their journey round the world, a journey now a hundred years long.

Frankfort, at its musical festival this summer, is honouring the inventor by a mouth-organ orchestra.

THE OLD MAN IN THE READING ROOM

An Author's Unpublished Story

THE LITTLE SURPRISE AT THE END

By a Friend of the C.N.

We were talking about poverty, and the opinion was expressed that among the poorest of people today are many who once had just enough savings to live on but now are impoverished by the dearth of everything. This led one of us, an author who often attends the British Museum Reading Room, to tell a story.

"For many years (he said) I have noticed an old, ill-dressed man in the Reading Room poring over unattractive books. Gradually he has been getting shabbier and shabbier. When he became so badly clad that the bottoms of his frayed trousers showed he had no socks I could stand it no longer. I determined to find out something about him.

The Five-Pound Note

"As he went out I went out too. He walked off slowly northward toward Camden Town. I followed, sufficiently far off not to disturb him. Warily he trailed along, looking like a man down and out. At last he paused to rest, leaning against some railings. I had now made up my mind, and quickened my pace to reach him. Then he went on his way again.

"I had a five-pound note in my pocket, which I took out, and just as I reached him I dropped it, and then said 'Excuse me, sir, I believe you have dropped this.' Then I picked up the note and gave it to him, and as he peered at it short-sightedly through his glasses I walked quickly away round a corner.

Where the Money Went

"Next day he was again in the Reading Room. He had on a new pair of trousers (ready-mades by their fit) and socks. I felt distinctly better about him. Also my interest in him was quickened. So I asked one of the attendants if he knew who he was.

"Yes," said the attendant; "he has been coming here many years. He is an astrologer; and he's a foolish old man. He spends money he can't afford to spend on buying books on astrology, which he insists on presenting to the Museum."

"So that was where the remainder of my five-pound note would go, after it had paid for the trousers and socks—to prolong the last flickers of life in a bogus science that I detest. I certainly should not have parted in that way with that five pounds if I had known that the old silly was an astrologer."

And though we laughed at the way he was taken in we were almost as sorry at the ending of the tale as the generous author was.

BETRAYAL OF THE BIRDS

KEEPING CRUELTY GOING

A Little Knowledge is an Unkind Thing

DEFEAT OF A GOOD BILL

There is bad news for the wild birds of Britain. Their friends have quarrelled about the best way of helping them, and so the poor birds lose all. As those who want to protect them cannot agree how to do it, the Bill that was to help the birds has had to be withdrawn. So the difficulties of politics stand in the way of progress, and cruelty goes on.

It is half a generation since the Government appointed a Committee to decide on the best way to protect them. Lord Grey of Fallodon, a great statesman who finds time to know and love our wild birds in their native haunts, presided over its meetings, and a plan was embodied in a Bill.

Too Many Alterations

Twice the Bill passed through the House of Lords, but could not get attention in the Commons. This year the House of Commons has been considering it, but, alas! so many members wanted so many alterations in the Bill that there is no hope of its getting through in reasonable time, and the Bill has been dropped. Nobody knows when it will have a chance again.

At present there is a law which forbids the killing or taking of any wild bird during breeding season, and allows local authorities to make lists of particular kinds of wild birds which must not be killed or taken at any time in their districts. The new Bill provided that in addition no one shall be allowed to kill or capture for sale any wild bird on public land, or on private land without the written authority of the owner or occupier. It would also have set up a national list of birds that must not be killed or taken at any time, leaving local authorities free to add other birds to the list.

Turning the Plan Round

The great change the critics of the Bill wanted to make in the Commons Committee was to turn the whole plan round, so that people should be forbidden to kill or take any wild bird at all except those on a list.

Now that plan had been very carefully considered by Lord Grey's Committee, who know the subject better than their critics, and they decided that it would work badly. Of course there are some birds you must allow people to kill, because if they were let alone they would do great damage; but to make lists of such birds would be to invite all the world to kill them wholesale.

Then the critics objected to leaving farmers free to trap and kill sparrows wholesale. Perhaps some day we may be able to ask them not to do so, but we have to move a long way in the path of civilisation before that sort of law can be made and enforced. Nations, like children, must learn to walk before they run.

The Work Must Go On

People who have been working and thinking for many years over this problem are naturally bitter at their great chance having been destroyed by the opposition of people coming fresh to it all, unacquainted with the pitfalls and difficulties in the path of reform. A little knowledge is often an unkind thing as well as dangerous.

But the work must go on, and all who have had their part in this setback are now bound to find a way, by friendly conference, to make it good. Nobody who really cares can leave things where they stand.

BIGGEST DOCK IN THE WORLD

OPENED BY THE KING

12 Million Tons of Material Carried Out to Sea

WAREHOUSES AS LONG AS FLEET STREET

The first commercial wet dock in England was built at Liverpool in Queen Anne's reign, with a water area of three acres; now the King has opened a wet dock at the same port with 56 acres, the largest in the world.

This new Gladstone Dock, as it is called, has nearly three miles of quay space, bringing the quay space of Liverpool and Birkenhead up to nearly forty miles. The dock is at the northern or seaward end of the long line of Liverpool docks, and covers a square of which the sides are nearly half a mile long.

Cost Doubled

It is over twenty years since Parliament granted powers to build the dock, but first bad trade and then the war held up the scheme. The great dry dock for repairs was finished before the war, and the rest was put in hand six years ago. In that time 12 million tons of material have been dug out and carried to sea. Some 200,000 tons of cement have been used. The cost, estimated at four million pounds, has reached almost double that.

The main entrance lock, over a thousand feet long, points up the river almost parallel with its sides, so that the great ships are not exposed to the danger of having their sterns swung to left and right by the currents as they enter it. The lock has three pairs of gates opened and closed by hydraulic power, and each leaf weighs 500 tons. A second lock connects the new dock with the older docks to the south of it.

Room for Biggest Vessels

At the lowest neap tides there are 42 feet of water at the dock entrance, and flood tide is represented inside the dock by three and a half million tons of water. Ordinary vessels can get in at all times except within an hour or two of low water, and the biggest vessels afloat can get in at the top of any tide.

By the quays are nearly 20 acres of concrete warehouses, most of them three storeys high, so that they have about 60 acres of floor space. The two longest are each about the length of Fleet Street. On the roofs and on the quays are 66 electric movable cranes capable of lifting from a ton to a ton and a half at a time.

Pictures on page 3

A CRAB AND A PIGEON

Tales of Two Races

The hare beaten by a plodding tortoise has its match today.

Birds seem to us the swiftest of all creatures, yet a pigeon belonging to Mr. Wakeham of Jersey has taken two years to fly from Bordeaux to its island home. It took part in a race with other pigeons, and failed to return. Two years later another race was run, or perhaps we should say *flown*, and with the other birds this lost one returned to the loft.

On the other hand, a crab has walked 150 miles in 18 months. It was caught, labelled, and released at Aberdeen, and a year and a half later it was found at Portincale, Loch Long, off the Firth of Clyde. As it was a Scotch crab we may be sure that this was no idle stroll but a walk for a prize.

Who would have thought a fleet-winged pigeon would find a rival in the humble old crab?

THE TROUBLE IN VIENNA

AUSTRIA AND ITS MENACE

Country Faced with Poverty and its Grave Dangers

WHAT IT MEANS TO EUROPE

It is hoped that Vienna will now settle down after the very serious rioting which looked as if it were going to lead to revolution. Such an event would have meant grave dangers throughout Central Europe.

Happily common sense prevailed in time. Those involved realised whither their anger was leading, and pulled themselves up.

Some months ago there were rival demonstrations in a small town near the Hungarian frontier by Socialists and a body of young Monarchists known as Hakenkreuzler, whom their critics call Fascists. There was a collision, and some Socialists were killed. When the young Fascists were brought to trial the magistrates refused to convict them on the ground that one side was as guilty as the other of the rioting from which the deaths resulted.

How the Riot Began

This extraordinary decision caused intense indignation among the Socialists, and great demonstrations were organised in Vienna. It seems clear that Communist extremists were ready and waiting to take advantage of this state of affairs, and under their skilled guidance the demonstrations became a riot, in which the Palace of Justice was set on fire. The police were armed, and there was a serious collision in which over 80 people were killed and 400 injured. Order was quickly restored.

A strike was called, nominally in protest against the supposed violence of the police, but partly, it is said, to get the rank and file under discipline. For a time posts, telegraphs, telephones, and railways were suspended, but as tempers cooled these were gradually resumed. In some of the country districts, apparently, the peasants compelled the railwaymen to restart the trains.

The Socialists of Vienna have a European reputation for caution and common sense, and as a bulwark against extremists in Moscow and elsewhere. They believe in democracy, as the Bolsheviks do not, and in Austria democracy is supreme. The Socialists realise they have nothing to gain and everything to lose from revolutionary methods. That is why the Communist plot failed.

Throttled by Tariffs

But the outbreak has its lesson for Europe as well as for Vienna. Austria, and Vienna especially, is in dire poverty, and its poverty arises directly out of the settlement which followed the peace.

The country is being throttled by the tariff barriers set up by the new States carved out of the old Monarchy. She could be saved either by being allowed to join the German Empire or by being permitted to form a commercial alliance with her former subjects, and this the Peace Treaty forbids.

Poverty breeds discontent, discontent breeds violence, violence is the opportunity of revolution, and revolution is infectious. Will Europe take the hint in time? The League has done wonders for Austria; the saving of the country has been one of the great achievements of Geneva. It is greatly to be hoped that all this good work will not be thrown away for want of common sense and statesmanship.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aphrodite Af-ro-dy-te
Herrera Er-ray-rah
Hippomenes Hip-pom-e-neez
Pacheco Pah-chay-ko
Poseidon Po-sy-don

A NEW BRITISH RIDDLE

Is the Bristol Channel Ours?

ANSWER—PART OF IT

A very queer decision was given by the Court of Appeal the other day. Part of the Bristol Channel, it appears, is not British.

There was a collision last year between a British and an Italian ship at a point north of Ilfracombe, eight or nine miles from the Welsh coast. The Italian ship was sunk and the British ship damaged. The British owners thought the collision was the fault of the Italian ship, and wanted to bring an action against the Italian owners.

But to do that in a British court of law they must show that the collision was at a spot within the jurisdiction or rule of the King. Mr. Justice Hill decided that it was, but the Court of Appeal has now decided that it was not. There is ordinarily a three-mile limit to the rule of a country over the sea around it, but it has been held that inland waters belong to it even where the land is more than three miles away.

Simple Way of Deciding

The Court of Appeal thought of a very simple way of deciding. It sent for the Attorney-General and asked him whether in fact the Crown did or did not claim that particular part of the Bristol Channel as within its jurisdiction or rule, and the Attorney-General replied that the Crown does not. That settled the matter!

It is part of the general policy of the Admiralty to limit the authority of governments everywhere to as small a part as possible of the high seas, and of course if other countries are to be limited we must be limited, too. But it is queer to think that even twenty miles above Lundy Island the Bristol Channel is not in Britain. One of the lawyers in the case said that that meant that two foreign countries at war with each other could sink or capture each other's ships there, and even set up submarine bases there.

THINGS SAID

As ye rip, so shall ye sew.

Read in court from a tailor's bill

I return a thorough optimist.

The Duke of York

Gravestones are no earthly good.

Judge Herbert Smith

There is no such thing as a fire-proof building.

Colonel C. J. Fox

The greatest need of the day is reflection.

Lord Eustace Percy

The ether is probably the link between mind and matter.

Sir Oliver Lodge

If you want to put the world right, start with yourself.

The Wayside Pulpit

I do not think I have ever seen a whining schoolboy.

Sir Frank Dyson

We have no Reds in Liberia; only whites and blacks.

President of the Liberian Republic

I had rather be a child in a pinafore than a king in his robes.

Mr. Arden Foster of Sadler's Wells

Church people live on the charity of their forefathers for half their religious privileges.

The Church Assembly

I have heard that Mr. Charlie Chaplin once entered a competition for the best imitation of his own antics and came out fourteenth!

Sir Walford Davies

There is more pluck in facing pain and danger in any big hospital every morning than in all the prize-rings of the country year in and out.

Sir James Crichton-Browne

August 6, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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THE WANDERING CHILDREN

Fate of the Little Gipsies

NEW CALL FROM THE CRADLE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY'S CRUSADE

It was at Harrow that young Anthony Ashley Cooper vowed himself to the service of childhood which made him famous as Lord Shaftesbury. It is at Harrow that another voice is now raised for the saving of other child derelicts. May this voice, too, be heard.

Dr. Charles Goddard, Medical Officer of Health for Harrow, calls attention to the scandal of the neglect of wandering gipsy children. He has nothing to say against genuine caravan travellers and the best kind of gipsies. His complaint is against an uncontrolled and uncivilised race of beings who swarm at intervals on the outskirts of his district, living without sanitation, destroying property, and committing petty thefts; a race whose children are allowed to run about half naked and filthy, without education and with no moral teaching.

A Scandal and a Danger

Dr. Goddard has known these people not only as a medical officer but as a police surgeon, as well as when he was an ordinary doctor, and he speaks of appalling scenes and of every kind of illness induced by overcrowding.

Every magistrate knows, he says, how little progress has been made in dealing with these people. If a summons is issued the offenders leave for another county or change their names. If a fine is imposed they pay it promptly, for, though the women and children are constantly begging, the men always have money. The scandal is a danger to the whole community, but the shocking thing is the wrong done to the children.

Dr. Goddard would have a small area set aside in each district for the use of these people, in which sanitation could be insisted on.

He would have every van registered and its owner compelled to take out a licence; and he would have a census taken of the families who travel in these caravans. This would at least make a beginning by fixing responsibility and giving us the information we need to control the education and health of these neglected little ones.

HANDY NOTEBOOKS

A Little Way at a School

Human nature is much the same all over the world, however the skins of boys and girls, women and men, may be coloured. A correspondent sends us an illustration from a school of brown children in Africa.

A history lesson had been given, and notes of some names and places had been left on the blackboard to be learned before the teacher returned to the class to question it.

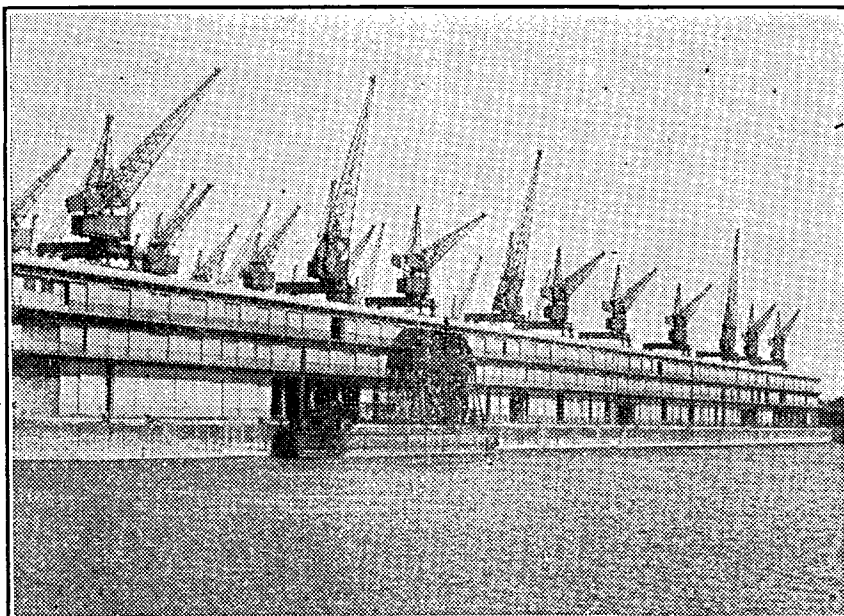
For a while all were busy studying the board, and then it was noticed from a distance that most of the boys were fidgeting and pulling their knickers and clothes above their knees. Then the amused teacher saw that most of the scholars were writing busily with slate pencils on their brown legs.

When questions on the lesson began the first order to the class was to turn down all knickers, much to the joy of the few who had learned the names and had not written them on their legs.

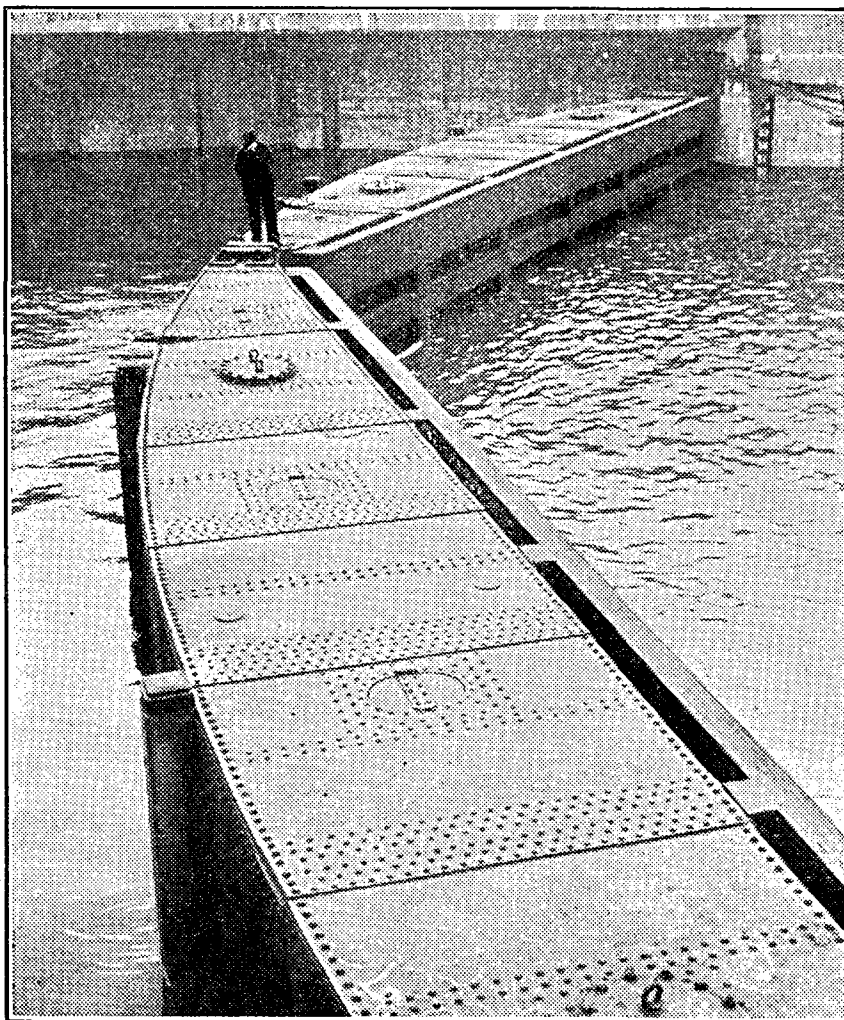
At the same school a class of girls was questioned on the multiplication table, and one little girl was very quick and answered correctly every time. It was not till she had been warmly praised that the tables were found neatly written on her arm!

It takes some time for children all the world over to learn that there are some things they must fairly tackle and learn by heart, and the sooner it is done the better.

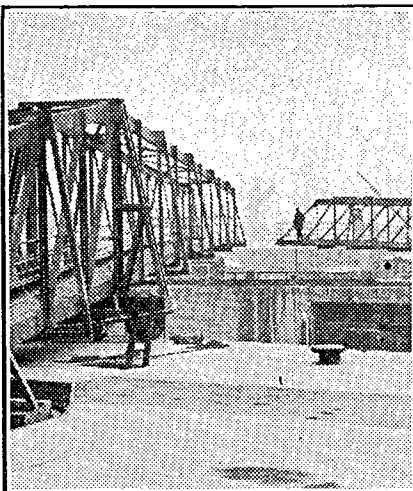
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DOCK



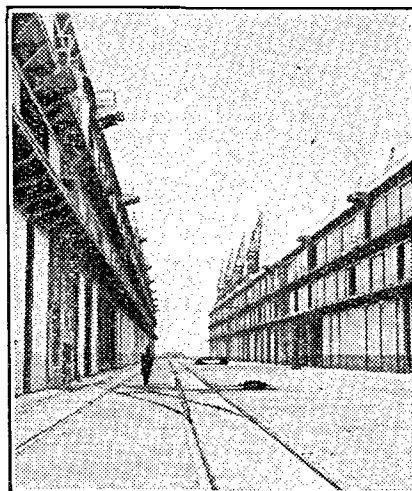
The long line of giant cranes



On top of the great lock gates



The swing bridge being opened



Between the three-storey sheds

The splendid Gladstone Dock at Liverpool which has just been opened by the King is the greatest dock in the world, and Liverpool can now accommodate and handle expeditiously the largest ships afloat. The lock is over a thousand feet long. This dock, which has taken over twenty years to build, has cost £7,750,000. See page 2

THE KNOWN WARRIOR

SONS OF FRANCE TO SLEEP WITH NAPOLEON

The Dramatic Homecoming of the Fallen Conqueror

"L'EMPEREUR!"

We have our Unknown Warrior in the Abbey, and France guards hers beneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

Now, however, the French are to honour their Known Warriors, taking as representatives her dead marshals and generals who commanded a division or an army corps during the Great War. They are to be transferred, as the C.N. has already announced, from their present resting-places to the Invalides, an establishment which has existed since the time of Louis the Fourteenth as a home for old and broken soldiers, a hospital, and a sanctuary for the illustrious dead.

A Great Sarcophagus

The Hôtel des Invalides attracts multitudes from every civilised land, for there, in a great sarcophagus of red granite, sleeps Napoleon. No other tomb in the world, apart from those of leaders of religious causes, is visited, generation after generation, by such numbers of people; no other stirs deeper reflections. There, within a tomb furnished by the hand of a man who had been his enemy, lies the man who mastered all Europe save England, the Power that mastered him, carried him captive to an ocean island, and, nineteen years after his death, gave up his body for its last voyage across the ocean for reinterment by the Seine.

The removal of the body began on an October midnight, exactly a quarter of a century after Napoleon's arrival at St. Helena. There were some at that solemn scene who had shared his battles, his triumphs, and his tragedy, and had been voluntarily imprisoned with him. Now they saw again the unchanged features they had loved, beheld the sword and cloak, buried with him, that he had worn at the Battle of Marengo.

The Return to Paris

They accompanied him back across the ocean to France, and saw the dead emperor make the most majestic of his entrances into Paris, saw a French king, with princes and ministers and splendours beyond count, sitting mute, awaiting him under the dome of the Invalides; and, as the coffin remains entered, they heard a chamberlain cry "L'Empereur!" with such solemn excitement that all started to their feet as if the emperor, alive and with his old might, veritably had entered.

Now marshals and generals of a generation that he did not know are to join his quiet rest, and we cannot but be reminded of the lines in Tennyson's noble Ode on the Death of Wellington. The soldier is taken to St. Paul's Cathedral, there to join Nelson in the great crypt, and the poet imagines Nelson's spirit moved to inquiry by the strange stir and press of reverent figures in the cathedral:

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and
with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my
rest?

Laws and Civic Ideals

Those two men, who are supposed to have met, but once in life but sleep for ever together in death, were made immortal of memory because they helped to thwart and break the great figure in the Invalides. They preserved for us the freedom of our land.

The dead warriors who are now to join Napoleon helped to do the same thing a century later. And the world is the better for the fallen tyrant too, for though all else of his empire perished before him his laws and his civic ideals survive, the finest evolved since Rome was at her height.

A NEW CHILD KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA Inheriting the Throne of His Grandfather's Troubled Realm A LEGACY OF THE WAR

A little boy of five has become King of Rumania. He is King Michael.

His grandfather, King Ferdinand, had been ill for many months, and Michael's father, Prince Carol, resigned his claim to the throne a year or two ago and went to live in Paris, leaving Michael heir-apparent.



The Boy King of Rumania

Michael's mother was a daughter of a former King of Greece, and his grandmother, the widow of King Ferdinand, is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and first cousin of our King. Till Michael is grown up the kingly duties will be carried out by a Council composed of his uncle, Prince Nicholas, with the Patriarch of the Rumanian Church and the President of the Supreme Court.

Two other European sovereigns now living ascended the throne in childhood. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands succeeded her father when she was only ten, and King Alphonso of Spain was king the moment he was born. His father had died several months before, and his elder sister, who had been queen in the interval, had to give way to him on his arrival!

Rumania's New Citizens

The Rumanian throne is no easy seat to sit on. When King Ferdinand, a Hohenzollern, like the Kaiser, took the side of the Allies in the war the Germans overran his country and inflicted terrible suffering, but with the Allied triumph Rumania was nearly doubled in size and population, taking Transylvania from Hungary and Bessarabia from Russia.

Both these territories have large populations that are not Rumanian, and both are likely to remain for a long time a source of embarrassment and much anxiety, especially in view of the fact that Rumania has not treated her new citizens with great generosity. King Michael inherits a troubled realm.

A CHAMPION GIFT Bobby Jones and the Chicago Boy A PRESENT FROM ST. ANDREWS

When Mr. Bobby Jones won the Golf Championship at St. Andrews his countrymen were almost as pleased with him as with Colonel Lindbergh, and he received almost as many telegrams of congratulation. But perhaps the American who was most delighted of all is a little boy in Chicago to whom Bobby Jones promised the ball with which he played his last and winning round.

When he drove it from the last tee it bounced at the end of its flight on the tarred road in front of the last green and the clubhouse, where 5000 people were waiting to see the last hole played. When Bobby Jones had holed it and picked it up he found that some cut blades of grass from the last green had stuck to it and to the pitch from the road. He wrapped two pound notes round it, and in these he is taking home to his boy friend not only the famous ball but a little bit of the turf of St. Andrews as mementoes of his victory.

MAPPING THE STARS A Piece of Work for Half a Century DISTANCES OF THE STARS WE SEE

There is a book of photographic views which was begun forty years ago and which it is hoped will be completed in another ten years.

Eighteen countries are helping to compile it; it is nothing less than a chart of the stars.

There are not quite 6000 stars visible to the naked eye, but today the most powerful telescopes can show us hundreds of millions. The new chart, however, will be content to show something under six millions.

The work has been distributed over the observatories of the world, each of which has had to take from 1100 to 1500 large photographs and to measure the hundreds of stars shown on every plate. The work was started in Paris in 1887 at an International Congress presided over by Professor H. H. Turner, of Oxford, who is still taking a leading part in the work.

Several sections have now been practically finished. The Spanish section at San Fernando is complete. That undertaken by the Vatican in Rome has been completed in ten volumes, one of which has still to be printed. The British section at Oxford will be completed soon. But there are laggards, and Dr. Turner believes that another ten years will be required to complete the last detail.

The best monthly star maps now appearing are in My Magazine, showing the distances of the stars we see each night.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Point duty policemen in Paris are learning English.

Over 200 British agricultural students are working at the Canadian harvest.

Bridgewater Square for the Public

A subscription of £5000 has secured Bridgewater Square for the use of the London public for ever.

Boy Scout Jamboree

A Boy Scout Jamboree has just been held near Stockholm, and was attended by the Chief Scout.

The Candle-Maker Thrives

Three thousand tons more of candles will be made this year in Russia than were made last year.

Kindness to Animals Party

The Duchess of Hamilton has entertained 500 children in East London at a Be Kind to Animals Party.

Helping the Settlers

The New Zealand Government has lent 24 million pounds to settlers and for housing in the past four years.

London's Debt

According to a return prepared for the London County Council the debt of London amounts to over £120,000,000.

Proposed Solent Tunnel

The Isle of Wight Chamber of Commerce has proposed to the County Council the making of a road tunnel under the Solent.

Seat Booking on the L.M.S.

Seats may now be booked on the theatre plan in the Royal Scot, Welshman, Manxman, Ulster Express, and Lakes Express trains.

Wireless at School

There are now 3000 schools in wireless communication with London and Daventry. Nearly 400 more schools have lately come on the B.B.C. register.

A Long Wait for a Bridge

It has taken the Indian Government 25 years to decide in favour of a proposed railway bridge over the Irrawaddy near Mandalay. It will cost over a million pounds.

The Three Climbers

The frozen bodies of three Alpine climbers who were lost in a snowstorm some months ago have been found near the summit of Mont Blanc. There was plenty of food in their knapsacks.

JUSTICE TO SALFORD A Great Pride and a Little Grime

A genial Lancashire reader suggests that a recent reference to the borough of Salford as Manchester's grimy neighbour is not as kind as it might be.

We admit that to fling the word grimy at one town when there are so many others it fits is somewhat invidious, and, after all, it is no dishonour to wear some necessary scars of honest work.

That our correspondent feels, for he is proud of Salford's varied industries, and sends us these notes on his town. We gladly send them round the world, feeling that, backed by such a history and by substantial modern progress, Salford can even afford to admit her share of grime without sacrificing much pride.

By a Salford Citizen

With an origin lost in the grey mists of antiquity Salford is the oldest and in many respects the hub of that vast series of industrial towns which the world knows as South-East Lancashire, but which from Saxon days to the Middle Ages was known as Salfordshire.

Here are the docks of that mighty monument of engineering genius the Ship Canal. Where ocean steamers now sail to and from the quays of Salford town the dug-outs of the ancient Britons once sailed, bringing in the tribes of the district to defend this Brythonian stronghold from the invading Romans.

When John Radcliffe was allowed to bring the first Flemish weavers to England to teach their craft over here it was in his own home town of Salford that he settled them, and their descendants are said to be still working there. In any case, Sir John's old home, which he built after his return from the French wars, is still standing, that Ordsall Hall which Ainsworth has immortalised in his famous romance of Guy Fawkes, whose ancient walls have housed some of the greatest figures in English history.

Agecroft Hall, another of Salford's ancient mansions, is, alas! no more, having gone last year across the water to be erected in Virginia; but Salford has still a few interesting survivals.

First Free Library

Salford has given the world scientists like Joule and Crabtree; writers like Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Mr. Harold Brighouse; Sir William Agnew, founder of the great art firm; while to David Livingstone she gave the wife who meant so much to his career. In one of its old Georgian houses Harrison Ainsworth lived for a time, and where the Irwell winds in one of its interminable bends is the Peel Park Free Library, the very first free public library in the world.

And if you should visit Salford on a Friday and wonder at seeing so many old people abroad, you would be told the story of Humphrey Booth, the weaver, who with the first profits he ever made started a fund, to which he added year by year, and which he bequeathed in such manner to the aged poor of the town that for nearly three centuries every citizen of Salford in need has been entitled to an old age pension at 65, apart from the national pension the State now provides.

After Twenty Years

Do you wonder, then, that Salford lads and lassies are proud of their city, proud of its past glory and modern history? Perhaps you will also understand why Canon Peter Green cannot be persuaded to forsake the place he has so freely served for five-and-twenty years. "Seeing Salford for the first time," the Canon said, not long ago, "was like seeing one's future wife in curl papers; but we've been together for twenty years, and it doesn't seem a day too much." Salford is like that.

FIRE ENGINE THAT MISSED THE FIRE THE BRIGADE RUNS PAST

Famous Comedy in Real Life
at a Great School

LOSING NO TIME

A rare comedian whom lovers of humour still mourn, the late Mr. Alfred Lester, will always be remembered by the present generation for his sketch of a village fire brigade.

How little he or his delighted listeners guessed that some of the scenes described in his delicious absurdity were rivalled by performances on the part of a real fire brigade, the brigade once formed by masters at famous Harrow School! Mr. Horace Vachell, the well-known novelist, himself an Old Harrovian, has been recalling one of their feats.

A Form to Fill Up

A persistent trouble with poor Lester's rural brigade was that they were too formal and too slow. If you had a fire you had to give the brigade notice in writing, whereupon they would send you a form to fill up, so that if the fire looked like exhausting itself in the meantime you had to keep it going till the brigade arrived to put it out.

There was nothing of that sort about the amateur brigade formed by the masters at Harrow when Mr. Vachell was a boy. They trained and practised, practised and trained, for years, so that at last, when a fire actually did occur in the school music-room one night, they rushed forthwith to their old machine, dragged it out, and came up with it at a gallop. They lost no time; they were out with almost record rapidity.

Too Much Speed

So splendidly indeed did they advance to meet the flames that their speed carried them past the burning music-room; it carried them, in fact, past the entire school. Away the engine went with its brigaded masters, right down the Hill, at the bottom of which it buried itself in the football ground!

Then men with more experience, if less joyous enthusiasm, the local regular brigade, had to turn out and extinguish the school fire. Alfred Lester should have lived to hear that thrilling story.

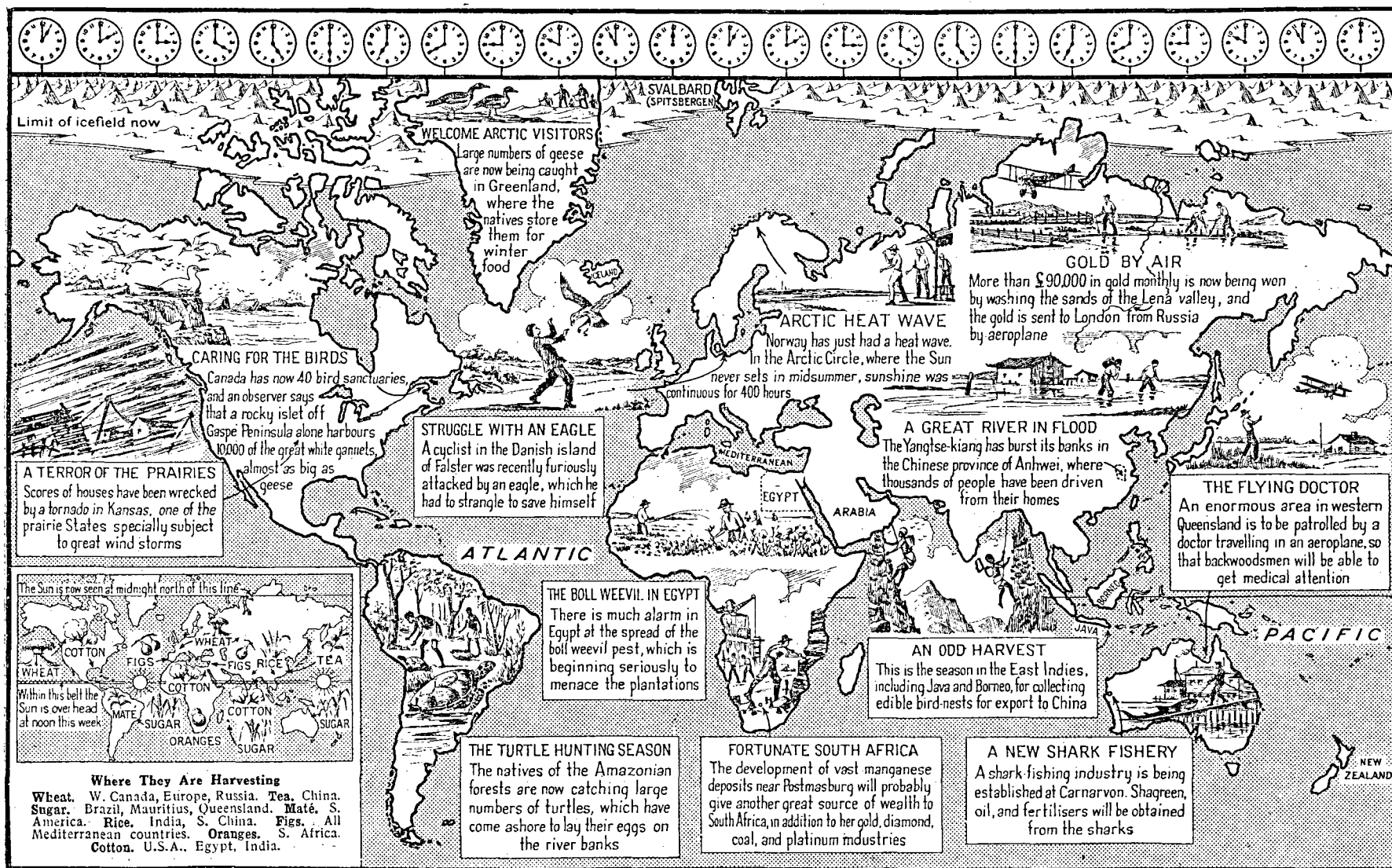
WILLIAM FARRER His Work for Australia's Wheatfields

An account was given not long ago in the Children's Treasure House of the great work done for Australia by William Farrer, the man who developed a variety of wheat which withstands the attacks of drought and of red rust disease, the two troubles which interfered so sadly with the wheat-growing of the Commonwealth years ago.

Now the Editor has a letter from a wheat-grower in the centre of the Western Australian wheat belt expressing his pleasure that Mr. Farrer's great work should be appreciated at home as it is in Australia. He says they have been having a lot of very rough winds where he lives, and other varieties of wheat have gone down and tangled up before them; but Mr. Farrer's Federation wheat, as it is called, stands as if sheltered by stone walls; and though the heads and grains are rather small the total product is consistently good.

The people of Australia are very grateful. We understand that a statue has been erected to Mr. Farrer in New South Wales, but we cannot find out where it is, and Australia House has not heard of it. In our correspondent's own little bush township, however, a street has been named after him, and there are Farrer scholarships, too, for certain agricultural colleges.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A ZOO FOR A MINT Good Friends of Ireland NEW COINS FOR THE FREE STATE

The Irish Free State is producing its own silver and copper coinage in celebration of its new rank in the Empire as a separate Dominion, and it has been choosing new symbols for the coins.

The choice is a curious one. As England has a lion, Australia a kangaroo, America an eagle, France a cock, so the new Ireland is to be symbolised on the various coins by a hen, a pig, a hare, a horse, a bull, a wolfhound, a woodcock, and a salmon, all good friends of Ireland. The Mint is to have quite a little Zoo!

A competition has been held in which leading sculptors from all over the world have taken part. The winner is a Yorkshireman of 32, Mr. Percy Metcalfe.

Mr. Metcalfe is already well known as a designer in metal. He helped Mr. Jagger with his war memorials at Hyde Park Corner and at Paddington. He did a portrait of King Feisal last year for the coinage of Mesopotamia, and he has received sittings from King Fuad of Egypt during his recent visit.

A SHIP SINKS AT HOME End of a Brave Career

A great liner has sunk in unusual circumstances, for she was safe in dock. The Lutetia, 14,654 tons, was built in 1913. As times changed it was decided to turn her into an oil-burning ship, and she was in dock at St. Nazaire with a host of workmen on board when the accident happened.

First she listed to port and then to starboard, and the water rushed on board. Fortunately no lives were lost when the liner settled in 24 feet of water.

The French liner had weathered many a terrible storm on the South Atlantic and run war risks in safety, and now it seems hard that she should go down in harbour!

ANTWERP'S GREAT SON The Collar of Peter Paul Rubens

It is three and a half centuries since a baby was born in exile and christened Peter Paul Rubens.

His father was a lawyer, who had been driven out of his native city of Antwerp by religious difficulties; but after John Rubens' death the widow took her child back to the ancient Belgian capital. There he grew up, and there, after long sojourns at the Courts of Spain, France, Italy, and England, the famous painter returned to end his days.

No wonder, then, that Antwerp claims Rubens for her own, and is about to dedicate a museum to him. Already she has one valuable exhibit.

M. Roger Helman has presented to the town a gold collar which was given to Rubens about 1620 by the King of Denmark. People unversed in ancient lore would probably call the collar a sort of necklace. Only people like Lord Mayors and Knights of the Garter wear this kind of collar nowadays, but men were much more splendidly attired in the days when Charles the First reigned in England and Rubens reigned in the studio. Now kings give their favourite painters gold cigarette cases, and they will not be half as interesting in a museum in another 350 years.

CLOSED CHURCH DOOR Keeping the People Out

The little town of Bourne in Lincolnshire has many claims on the traveller who would see the glory of our Little Treasure Island. It has still a picturesque Roman dyke running along the King's highway, and in some ways it may be regarded as the birthplace of the English language.

The traveller who is drawn to Bourne is naturally drawn to the door of its church, and we much regret that the church is among those very few now left whose doors are closed to travellers.

THE LITTLE BEASTS ON THE ROCK Scotland's New Glory

Nobody seems to be forgotten in the splendid War Memorial Scotland has built on the Rock of Edinburgh.

There it stands in the sun (and rain!) glowing with the carved and coloured badges of every Scottish regiment and city, while in bronze friezes or stained-glass windows sailors, artillerymen, airmen, chaplains, nurses, and other workers are depicted. Even birds and beasts have their memorials.

Carved on the walls are the words "Remember also the humble beasts that served and died." Then come medallions framing the heads of a horse, a mule, a camel, a message-dog, and other animals, with a cage of carrier pigeons, and a group of canaries and mice inscribed "The tunnellers' friends," because these little creatures are used underground, where their swift collapse when the air becomes poisonous is a warning to men.

Not even the humblest worker has been forgotten by the generous-hearted men who planned the building.

In the shrine is a block of marble set on the rock which rises through the floor, and on this block is a casket given by the King and Queen enclosing books containing the name of every Scotsman who fell in the war. It will become a place of pilgrimage to Scotsmen all over the world, this holy place where the noblest heroes and the humblest creatures are remembered together.

A MAN AND HIS MONEY

In a case at Truro it was stated that an old man was told by a gypsy that he had been "ill-wished" and that the man had paid £500 for the "ill-wishing" to be undone.

DREAM OF A MINER'S WIFE

Fulfilled by a King THE TOUCH OF KINDNESS THAT MAKES US KIN

Sixty years ago an engine-driver who worked for the North-Eastern Railway saw an advertisement asking for English drivers to go to Egypt.

The thought of going to a foreign land attracted him, so he applied for the post, and went out with his wife. So happy was he that he served on the Egyptian State Railway for 45 years, and lived in Egypt after he retired. He and his wife died and were buried in Pharaoh's land, but his daughter came to England and married a miner.

Although she is British by blood, she is Egyptian-born, and has often longed to see again the sunny land of her birth, and to visit her parents' graves. A miner's wife, however, cannot afford such a journey, and she stifled the wish.

Then one day she read that King Fuad of Egypt had come to England, and that he had given hundreds of pounds to hospitals and charity. She wondered if the generous king would help her to bring her dream true, and she wrote to him.

To her joy the royal chamberlain replied that the king would arrange for her to visit her parents' graves and would himself defray all the expenses.

So, at the end of the summer, a miner's wife will leave Pump Row and sail to Egypt with the fashionable travellers from Mayfair who go to winter at Cairo. We wish her Bon Voyage.

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket into the street.
Drop it in the Bus

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 6 1927

Flower in a Crannied Wall

Much public interest is being taken in the preservation of our wild flowers.

EVERY land has its wonder of wild life in fields and hills and plains. "When our children go out into the fields," said old John Burroughs, "they can bring home no wild flower as pleasing as the sweet English violet and cowslip and daffodil. Yet English children have nothing to compare with our trailing arbutus, matchless, rosy-lipped, honey-hearted, trailing arbutus."

How vast is this wealth of wild flowers is only discovered when we are interested enough to distinguish them, seeking to know their names and their varieties. We have no idea how countless they are till we try to count them. That is one of the first impressions shared in common by all Nature lovers. "The instant you look for them," says Richard Jefferies, "they multiply a hundredfold. If you sit on the beach and begin to count the pebbles their number instantly increases to infinity." Wild flowers are hidden openly everywhere, filling every nook and cranny, the loveliest often the smallest, unnoticed except by those who seek.

Not only so, but every kind of place has its own flora, the marsh, the seashore, the meadow, the moor, the wood, the mountain top. Nature fits some beautiful thing for all her environments. Wood anemone, bluebell, marsh marigold, scarlet pimpernel, sea pink, heather, gentian, have their own haunts, sown by some unseen yet knowing hand.

Impressive, too, is the abundance not far from one's own door. A single field will often show thirty or forty varieties. And is there anything lovelier than this seasonal succession of wild flowers, from the earliest bloom of January to the last wild flowers on the edge of winter? We mark the year by their comings—primrose time, daffodil time, bluebell time, wild rose time. They are Nature's calendar.

Concerning shells by the shore, someone has spoken of "lines that flow, shapes that sing, and colours that make melody." The words are equally true of wild flowers. Take one up anywhere, any despised weed, and it will be found most exquisitely made. The lowliest and least noticed is fashioned with the same skill and care as the most conspicuous.

What embedded histories are to be found in them, what adaptations to new and curious circumstances, what strivings after perfection! For those who can read it the book of the flower in the crannied wall is one of the most wonderful ever written, and if we could only read it truly it holds the secret, as Tennyson said, of what God and man is.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



This Dot of Velvet

WE recognise the warm heart of a friend in this little note from a monthly booklet issued on Arlington Heights in Massachusetts:

Father Johnson sails today on the Celtic for a visit to that supernal dot of green velvet in the wide seas which we call England. It is the ancestral home of a great race of pioneers who have cut a high-way of civilisation around the Earth, who have laid water-mains through deserts, and are still advancing, but at a slackened pace.

Is it not beautifully and truly said, this dot of green velvet? Is it not pathetically and truly said, this advancing at a slackened pace? And is it not good for an old Mother to have this kindly word from her long-lost son, grown rich in a far-off land?

A Hundred Years Ago

ONE of our readers has been reading a story told by a lady who went to Austria about a hundred years ago and wrote an account of her travels.

She found that Emperor Ferdinand was expected to make a very good ruler. He had only reigned for two years, but had already showed his merciful disposition by forbidding the use of a chain to secure convicts, and by finding excuses for refusing to sign every death warrant brought to him.

One day an assassin shot at him, but the emperor would not permit the criminal to be executed, but had him confined for safety's sake. Moreover, he gave a pension to the assassin's wife and children, saying that he did not want the innocent to suffer for someone else's crime!

It is a hundred years late, and his very throne has gone, but it does not seem too late to print this news of a good emperor.

Desmond the Whaler

By His Aunt

WE have just bought that wonderful illustrated edition of Moby Dick, the story of a white whale, for our nephew, who is determined to become a whaler.

If Desmond really does he will find it is easier now to be a whaler than ever it has been. For wireless telephony has sprung up, and vessels are no longer isolated from one another, but can send each other the news.

Desmond, for instance, might be lucky enough to go for a trip on the Antarctic whaler called Southern King; it is fitted with direction-finders and is free from the influence of the Earth's magnetism.

The harpoon gunner, in full kit, works the telephone by a stout lever. He need not even take off his heavy gloves to do so. News of the whereabouts of whales can be exchanged at a distance of 700 miles.

Desmond resolves to be a harpoon gunner in the Ross Sea. It is something to be sure of what you want.

The Untidy Bus

A GOOD reader asks why the C.N. continues to ask its readers to litter the bus with their tickets. The answer is that the C.N. prefers an untidy bus to an untidy street.

It is a constant source of surprise that the London General Omnibus Company continues to range itself with the Litterers and refuses to supply ticket-boxes on the buses, as many provincial corporations do; and until the L.G.O.C. ceases to litter our streets with its tickets the C.N. will continue to ask its readers to save the streets by dropping their tickets in the bus.

Tip-Cat

It is said that there are 36 original dramatic situations available for the films. What has become of the other 35?

MODERN music is the true interpretation of modern life. That is why there are no words for most of it.

It is time, says a critic, hereditary peers ceased to sit in the House of Lords. He thinks they belong to the disappear-age.

THE answer to the question how Bolshevism keeps alive seems to be that it keeps people poor, and poverty makes them Bolsheviks.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If cricket on the hearth is a grate game

THE best type of citizen is the man who owns his house. Anyhow, he is less likely to be found out.

GIRLS have quicker brains than boys. So much quicker that they sometimes lose their heads.

LINDBERGH has been made an honorary member of the Bricklayers' Union. Now we know why he could refuse the dazzling offers of the films.

FORGED £1 notes can be detected if held up to the rays of the Sun. A sure way of bringing them to light.

To a correspondent: We much regret that we do not know if table tennis is older than cricket on the hearth.

Silence Wildgoose

A C.N. travelling correspondent who was in York the other day was much struck by finding himself in Whip-ma-Whop-ma Gate, and by reading on an old tombstone, not far away, that it was sacred to the memory of Silence Wildgoose.

It would have been too much to hope that Silence Wildgoose lived in Whip-ma-Whop-ma Gate, but it is something to have still among us these quaint survivals of the past we all too readily forget.

Blown Down a Chimney

By Our Country Girl

"I AM so sorry you have been ill," said the Visitor.

"I am rather glad," replied the Invalid, "for my illness saved a life."

"This room," she explained, "is really the spare bedroom, and has not been used for a long time, but yesterday the doctor said my own room was not airy enough, and after touring the house he chose this one because of the French windows and the balcony."

"I had not been here long before I heard a most extraordinary noise, like a violent struggle. I came to the conclusion that it was a bird in the chimney, and as there was an anthracite stove in the fireplace it could not get out. I rang for someone, and begged them to get a man to remove the stove, but the noise was not heard again, and they laughed at me. They burned a whole newspaper in the stove, saying that if there was a bird in the chimney it would certainly be heard now, and there was no sound. Still I persisted, and, as invalids have to be humoured, a workman was fetched, and the stove was removed. Not a flutter was heard, but when the man was gone, and I had nearly forgotten the matter, I heard a little noise, and saw a pigeon in the fireplace."

A Big Meal

"He was blinking, and seemed dazed at the brightness of the room after the dark chimney. I rang again, and displayed him in triumph. They brought a pan of water and a bag of bird seed, and the pigeon boldly took a drink. He spent the next two and a half hours in feeding and drinking with hardly a pause. Then he took a trial flight on to the verandah rail, and the next minute he was gone."

"He had a band on his leg, and was evidently a racing pigeon which had got lost, and had had nothing to eat for a long time. Probably he had been blown down the chimney one stormy night and was too weak to struggle up."

"But for my coming here he must have perished, for nobody would have heard him."

"I have only one regret," the Invalid concluded, "and that is that I can't hear him explaining to the other birds the reason he was so late home. I can almost hear his mother saying, 'Blown down a chimney indeed! I wonder you don't say you were delayed because you were blown across the Atlantic!'"

The Daily Miracle

We listened envious while the traveller told Of things so strange you'd think they could not be, Of reefs of amethyst, and mines of gold, And coral islands growing in the sea.

But still on marvels here we shut our eyes! Unwatched each day the Sun breaks through the mist, And from a golden sea the dawn clouds rise Like coral isles or reefs of amethyst. Our Country Girl by the Sea

MUSIC OF THE NATIONS THE FRANKFORT FESTIVAL

How the Big Drum Called the Kettledrum Black

SOME YOUNG COMPOSERS

By a Music Correspondent

This is the Modern Music Society's fifth year, and it was invited by the Mayor of Frankfort to be the guests of the town.

Right royally were we entertained. Everybody went on the first evening to a wonderful supper party, given at the Town Hall, and afterwards everybody settled down to enjoy the music of many nations. Every year a fresh jury is selected, to ensure fair play. Their business is to choose what new music is to be performed, and they pick the best of the compositions sent in, always with an eye and an ear for the younger men.

Choir Behind the Scenes

The first item this year (rather a big one) was the great Italian Busoni's opera *Dr. Faustus*. Busoni died, unhappily, before it was finished, and a devoted friend and pupil completed the work. It is quite different from any other opera. Imagine a choir being placed behind the scenes where nobody can see them! What would you do if you were singing with them and had to look right across the stage, with all sorts of things going on there, and watch the conductor's beat on the other side? This is one of the strange things Busoni introduced and the effect is lovely.

Another very beautiful part of the opera is where some Protestant students sing the hymn "God is our Stronghold" and some Roman Catholic students sing a Latin hymn at the same time.

Everything Topsy-Turvy

Now came something really strange and new, a suite by the Austrian Josef Hauer. Everything on the platform looked different. Drums were put in the place of the violins, clarinets were placed where violas usually are. Right in front were bells, triangles, cymbals, and in the middle of the orchestra stood the piano. What a difficult piece to conduct, with everything turned topsy-turvy!

At one time the conductor nearly hit the drum himself; he forgot that the first violin was no longer on his left-hand side! Nobody in this piece was allowed to play more than one note at a time, and it sounded as though Hauer had allowed each player to pick any note he fancied. The only really sensible music was given to the piano to perform, but even that was merely given little patterns made out of the twelve semitones, which had to be repeated again and again. I am not sure that the composer was not trying to make a musical cross-note puzzle. You should have heard what the side drum and the big drum said to the kettledrum! I hardly like to repeat it, so angry were they both.

Queer Music

To those of you who have listened carefully to wood-wind instruments the concertino by Alban Berg (Austrian) for piano, violin, and 13 wind instruments would not perhaps sound very strange; but if the tunes were made out of notes found in the initials of three friends' names I think you might find the result a little queer. Nobody applauded this young man's curious composition very much, but the composer appeared on the platform afterwards to politely bow his thanks to the 13 wind instruments.

After such strange happenings you can understand how pleased we all were to see the Newcastle choir appear on the platform. Their friends in the North have subscribed a large sum of money so that they can tour Germany singing English music. They came to Frankfort to sing Whittaker's 139th Psalm,

PITY A POOR TREE IN LONDON

MOTORISTS are not the only people who pay for petrol. Mr. North of the Botanical Gardens says that Londoners who love trees are paying for it in the decay of the big leafy ones which keep the streets and squares from becoming mere bricks and mortar. The oaks will no longer grow in them; they cannot stand the petrol fumes.

A keeper of the Botanical Gardens ought to know, but too much blame must not be put on the petrol which drives the buses, the lorries, and all the growing multitude of motor vehicles. Some of the guilt must be borne by the smoke of London, which is so thickly tinged with sulphuric acid. The sulphur is very bad for bronchitic people in winter; it is certainly damaging to trees.

The trees have been struggling in London for many years. The planes by

peeling off their sooty bark have weathered London's dingy gloom in winter, and the acacia, the lime, the alanthus, are all found in the four-mile circle. There are mulberry trees in Chelsea and Kensington and tall poplars in the parks. But what the big trees feel most is the want of light, especially in winter, when London is the darkest, cloudiest spot in the British Empire for months at a time.

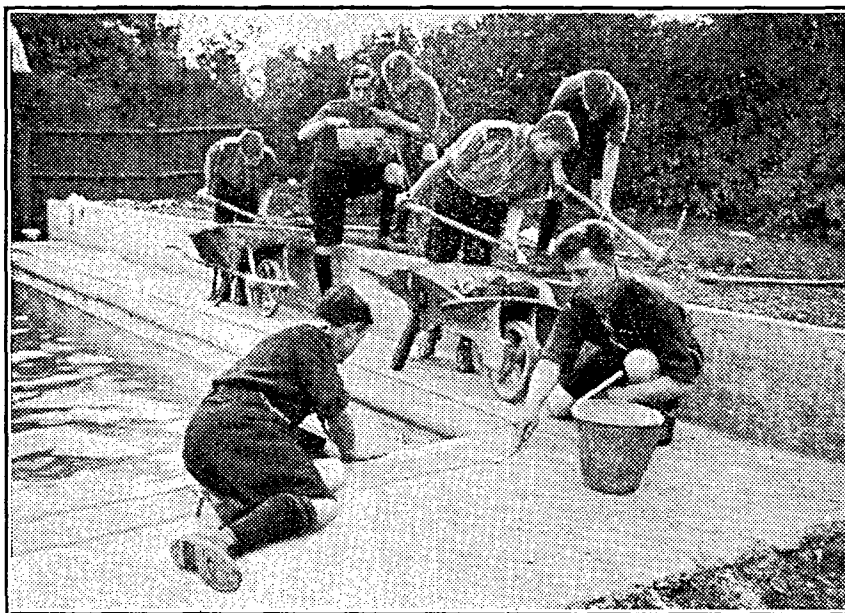
It is not the smoke that comes from the roadways where the motors run but the smoke that floats overhead from the winter grates which stunts the growth of the big trees of towns, and is causing some of the sturdiest to give up in despair.

If London skies are ever swept of smoke the big trees will rise over the roofs again.

SCOUTS BUILD THEIR SWIMMING-BATH



The finished swimming-bath



Some of the boys at work on the bath

The Boy Scouts of Warlingham, in Surrey, have built their own open-air swimming-bath. It is made of concrete, and is 63 feet long and 30 feet wide, thus giving room for quite a large number of bathers. Some of the boys in the lower picture are preparing the foundations of the dressing-rooms that are to be built

which the composer himself conducted. There are so many lovely things in this music that I cannot count them all, but the ending is most lovely.

Carl Nielsen, of Denmark, with his symphony, gave us twenty minutes of music that was not too difficult to understand. Nielsen is not so very young, and has had time to think how beauty can be put into music. He lives in a country where people are not for ever scrambling to get things done, and where life means something more than jazz bands and hundreds of silly, cheap things that nobody wants.

Now that the festival is over I cannot help thinking that none of the great nations did so well as the smaller ones.

We shall have to do some hard thinking and see what can be done for next year's programme in Siena. That is where we are to meet next time, and I am wondering if the town will hold us all. It is not a very clean town, they say, and has few hotels worth sleeping in. But let us hope the music will compensate us for all that.

Now that this fifth festival is over the thing that is fixed in the memory of those who went from England is the singing of the Newcastle choir and the great praise it drew from a famous German conductor. "Tour the whole of Germany," he said, "and teach the Germans how to sing!" Is it not fine praise indeed?

GAP IN THE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE

FIVE CENTURIES OF LABOUR LOST

The Louvain Catastrophe in the Great War

RESTORING A FAMOUS LIBRARY

The famous University of Louvain, whose name recalls one of the worst tragedies of the war, has been celebrating its five hundredth birthday.

The savage burning of the university archives, which dated from 1427, together with some 300,000 rare old books and 1000 manuscripts, many of them priceless, not only represented a tragedy of the war but was a loss to scholarship of the fruits of five centuries of labour. It has left a gap in the history of the world which can never be bridged.

Manchester's Fine Lead

By taking the lead in restocking the burned-out library the Council of the John Rylands Library have set up in the heart of Belgium one of the noblest of all the memorials of the war. Within three months of this irreparable loss the Rylands Library led the way in an effort which afterwards became world-wide to replace what it was possible to replace of the lost library.

When Louvain University came back once more to plan its new home among the ruins it had only to say that it was ready to receive a library from England and the library straightway came: 55,782 volumes, wisely chosen, all efficiently catalogued and classified!

What America Has Done

When the appeal reached America it was welcomed with enthusiasm, and ultimately resulted in the formation of a strong and influential National Committee, which undertook to rebuild the library. That generous aim is today within sight of its goal. A million dollars have been raised for the building and 125,000 more for its upkeep.

The foundation-stone of the new library, now well on its way to completion, was laid on June 21, 1921, and by 1925 the first section of the building had been completed and was in occupation.

It stands, splendidly situated, in the highest part of the town, overlooking the Place du Peuple, the exact spot where the little Belgian Army, away back in the dark days of 1914, thrilled the world by its noble stand. Designed by one of America's leading architects, whose plans were approved by the authorities of Louvain, the style of the new building is very appropriately that of the Flemish Renaissance of the seventeenth century. Every detail of the imposing brick and stone structure is Flemish, so that it may blend with the beautiful buildings of the old university. Its great open arcade is fronted by a row of fine arches. The length of the façade is 230 feet, with a depth of 150.

Dr. Guppy's Good Work

The book stacks are of steel, and will provide accommodation for two million volumes. But whatever dimensions the new library ultimately attains the English gift is to be kept apart as an English Library in the heart of Louvain; and it is frankly acknowledged in Belgium that were no other books added to it it would in itself be a library of which any city might be proud.

It is gratifying to hear that Dr. Guppy, the famous Librarian of the John Rylands Library, is one of the great company of scholars from academic institutions all over the world who are taking part in the ceremonies at Louvain. The celebration was one of peculiar interest and gratification to Dr. Guppy, who, as someone has said, "was the instrument of as noble an act of international charity as history records."

SECRET OF A HEDGE

NATURE'S MARVEL AND MYSTERY

The Astonishing Cleverness of a Half-Farthing Detective

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A TAME JUNGLE

By Our Natural Historian

Much as we have had reason to deplore the wretched weather of our spring and early summer the rain has made us in many respects its debtors; between the spells of sunshine it has charmed back to health and strength growths sorely stricken by the frosts and bitter winds of June and May, and it has saved many a garden and many a field from ruin.

Nowhere is the beneficial effect more marked than in the flowering shrubs and garden hedges, recovered now from the black swathes which the frost had cut in them after clipping.

Sparrows Earning Their Keep

Anyone may witness a very remarkable spectacle just now if he will quietly watch what is happening in the privet hedges. He will see little clouds of sparrows descend on the top of the hedges, dive out of sight like water birds diving in a pond, and in a minute or two bob up again, their beaks laden.

"Dear, dear!" says an inexperienced watcher. "Those wretched little birds are pecking off the new growth from those hedges!"

But is young vegetation brown and limp, and does it wriggle? No; the sparrows are not damaging the hedges; they are splendidly justifying their existence, earning their keep.

A Jungle of Insect Life

Although the hedges look so solid, so clean and healthy, they are at present a jungle of insect life. Munching away out of sight are legions of caterpillars of the privet hawk moth, a handsome, hungry creature, whose size and eccentric splendour have lured many a young discoverer into insect-collecting. But a greater wonder still is in the privet hedge; it is the caterpillar of the swallow-tail moth.

This caterpillar is one of the most extraordinary examples we have of protective mimicry. Nearly three inches long when full grown, it can poise itself bolt upright from a twig and be indistinguishable from its surroundings. Many a gardener has been in the act of snipping off an apparently dead twig only to find it a live caterpillar.

Nature and the Grubs

The larva, a dark, dirty brown in colour, hairless, mottled here and there with little warts that look like small buds, clings to a twig by its two hind claspers, rigidly upright at the very angle that a twig would take. The resemblance is perfect.

Yet the sparrows dive into the hedge and bring out the deceivers in mouthfuls. Why do they not eat them where they find them? Because on the ground are the baby sparrows, waiting to be fed.

Here, then, we see in progress a contest between protective mimicry and eyes that are microscopic and telescopic in their power. We cannot see these wonderful caterpillars, but the sparrows can. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" says the Bible; yet what wonders these little half-farthing detectives are!

As the sparrows do find the caterpillars the question arises whether Nature's plan to defend the grubs against discovery is wholly successful. Think of the art she has lavished on the evolution of these deceptive larvae—their dead-wood garb and pose; think of the incalculable strength they exercise in maintaining themselves stiff and motionless, jutting out from a twig, a

HIGH ABOVE THE GIDDY FAIR

The Golden Cross of Soho Square

We have often been told the Church must advertise if it is to hold its own.

Well, the Church has at least one sky sign in the midst of London's gayest amusement centre which holds its own among the myriad electric devices that twinkle and flash on every building; yet it is a sign that rests the eye instead of torturing it, and brings peace to jaded nerves even before the spirit has had time to realise its meaning.

It is the gilded cross on the lofty tower of St. Patrick's in Soho Square.

Soho Square is at the quiet end of that Soho where people dine cheaply and well, but its quiet is hemmed in by

The Upper Class

One of the most competent of all observers in Russia has this picture of the conditions there. It is from a traveller coming to Russia fresh from all he has heard of the new proletarian society, entirely without class distinctions, who does not believe his eyes at first.

Aboard a Volga steamer then and now—how well one recognises it all! The same stinking chaos down in the third and fourth class. Russian peasants and artisans are packed together in repulsive quarters below deck, so housed that if they had been beasts instead of human beings it would have been called cruelty to animals in Western Europe. And up in the first-class saloon, just as before, a chosen few enjoying luxury and comfort as in olden times.

Down in those lower regions they chew their black bread with a raw cucumber as their only relish, while up above the company eat up the four-course dinner, beginning their meal with bowls full of caviare, and leaving behind them on deck whole batteries of empty champagne bottles. It is all exactly as it was in old Russia. The peasant down there may well be pardoned if he cannot appreciate the difference to any great extent.

The Communist belongs to the upper class.

the noise and bustle of Charing Cross Road and Oxford Street as they reach the busy Tottenham Court Road corner.

It is a miracle to pass from these to the leafy quiet of Soho Square. It is a miracle to look up above the houses and trees at that golden cross in the sky. And at this spot and that spot over a wide radius the miracle is repeated as from one vantage ground or another a glimpse of the golden cross gleams through the dark over the housetops.

Continued from the previous column

feat immeasurably excelling anything that man can perform.

All seems wasted and lost in the horny beak of a common sparrow. Yet it must be only the caterpillars which are moving that the sparrows see and catch. Many caterpillars defy detection, for they become chrysalids, and then new moths, which return to the same hedges to lay eggs from which new multitudes of caterpillars will emerge.

If she has brought a species to perfection and keeps up its numbers Nature has succeeded, though ten thousand times ten thousand individuals go to feed the hungry sparrows. The birds have their rights, and by exercising them they preserve our vegetation from destruction.

E. A. B.

ATALANTA AND THE GOLDEN APPLES

English girls have done such wonders of late on the running track that it is surprising to see the title of the Young Atalanta awarded to Miss Violet Cordery.

Miss Cordery is a motorist of extraordinary endurance, high courage, and boundless energy who has just completed what is practically a tour round the world in her car, a dazzling performance for any motorist, but especially for a young woman. It was an eager gathering which welcomed her home in London at the invitation of Sir Charles Wakefield.

The Story of Atalanta

Fair Atalanta of the immortal Greek legend went, however, like our track heroines, afoot, the fleetest girl who ever lived in fact or legend. But there was a terrible side to her contests, which ended, nevertheless, in a manner John Bunyan might well have adopted as an allegory.

Atalanta was far-famed for her beauty as well as for her speed of foot, so she was sought by many suitors, only, however, to be warned by the gods that marriage would bring disaster to herself and to the man who became her husband. So poor Atalanta had to make it a condition that any lover who sought her hand must catch her in a fair race. If he won she would marry him; but if he failed he must be put to death.

Guileful Hippomenes

In spite of the terrible penalty many suitors matched their speed against hers, only to suffer death as the consequence of defeat. She might have been running in the realm of legend to this day had not guileful Hippomenes, a descendant of Poseidon, entered the lists. Atalanta immediately fell in love with him, and wished to spare him the race and its common end. Hippomenes himself appealed to Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, and she secretly gave him three golden apples to carry with him in the contest.

Atalanta sped so swiftly that she could pace the sea with dry feet or have run over the ears of ripe corn without treading them down; she could have raced away from Hippomenes at the outset, but was reluctant to lose sight of him at her side.

Gasping at the pace, he threw down one of the golden apples in her path, and as the surprised Atalanta paused to pick it up he dashed ahead. Quickly she overtook him, only to be tempted by a second golden apple, and so lured into yielding him further advantage in the race.

Charioteers of the Skies

In the last part of the contest Hippomenes, despairing of victory and life, cast his last golden fruit wide of the course. Atalanta hesitated, for the path from the track and back again was long. But curiosity and longing for the treasure overcame her prudence; she darted aside, picked up the apple, returned to the course, and saw Hippomenes victorious.

Great was their happiness at the end which both had desired, but, alas! the gods were offended at the young people, and spoiled the romance by converting them into lions.

So in all that pertains merely to fleetness of foot it is to our girl athletes that we must look for the Atalantas; courageous Miss Cordery must seek her mythical predecessor among the great charioteers of the skies.

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill. The total sum received is £518 15s.

25. Mr. C. Hazel, Sparkhill, Birmingham. 21. Mrs. Beit, West Australia. 5s. B. Player, Birmingham; Ann and Margaret Thompson, Tardebigge, Worcester-shire. 4s. 6d. Mr. David Daniel, Mandalay, Burma.

CAGING AN INSECT

Work at the Parasite Zoo

A LITTLE-KNOWN FIGHT FOR THE EMPIRE

When we were all reading about the difficulties keepers had in removing crocodiles and pythons to new quarters in the Zoo perhaps we did not realise how much simpler their task was than that of the professors who keep the Parasite Zoo at Farnham.

The inhabitants of the Farnham Zoo cannot be caught with hooks and chains; even the gentlest nip of the forceps might crush them. No keeper at Regent's Park had to go down on his knees to examine the carpet through a magnifying-glass to see if he could recover a lost specimen, but that is what happens at Farnham.

To meet this difficulty the keepers at Farnham have invented a novel cage, all of glass except for a strip of wood which has holes in it. In ordinary times each hole has a wooden stopper in it, but when it is desired to capture a specimen the stopper is changed for a test tube. The cage is then darkened, and the insects, which hate darkness, make for the light shining through the test tube. When they are in the tube is removed and stoppered.

An Important Work

The experts who keep parasites at Farnham are not merely students of natural history. They are fighting the insect pests which destroy one-fifth of the crops in the East and nearly ruined the apple industry of New Zealand. The professors study the pests to discover their natural enemies, and when a parasite deadly to a certain insect is found myriads of parasites are bred and sent to fight that insect in some apple orchard or cotton field far across the world.

To the eye the Zoo at Farnham is deadlier than the Zoo at Regent's Park, but it is probably saving the Empire thousands of pounds, and the importance of its work can hardly be exaggerated.

OLD LEATHER

The British Museum Makes a Discovery

One would have supposed that about the dearest thing known is perished leather. Yet the British Museum has found a way of reviving it.

With a recent consignment of ancient papyrus from Egypt came a roll of leather with an inscription on it, but the leather was so brittle that it could not be unrolled, and therefore could not be read. But in the Museum laboratories a process has now been found by which the leather has been made soft and pliable once more, and so has been made to yield up its secret.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Small picture by Pesellino	£16,800
A colt	£14,700
Portrait by Veneto, 1520	£11,025
St. Thomas Aquinas, by Botticelli	£10,290
Portrait by Titian	£6615
English 13th-century vestments	£5250
A Nuremberg salt-cellar	£3360
Three Chinese vases	£3045
A Persian woollen carpet, 1550	£1837
A Della-Robbia relief	£1785
A Deruta dish of 1510	£1155
Miniature of St. Benedict, 1350	£1120
A pair of Sévres vases	£525
A Chinese screen	£525
Louis XV gold snuffbox	£420
A water-colour by Turner	£388
A portrait by Reynolds	£105
A Queen Anne bedspread	£69

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The Children's Newspaper

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A PLAIN GREAT MAN

Kitchener and the Egret

THE STATUE AT THE PRIME MINISTER'S BACK GATE

When Lord Allenby went to Egypt he was struck by the fact that birds like the egret were thriving there.

Once plume-hunters waged such war on these birds that everyone believed they would soon be extinct. What had happened to change all this?

Plume-hunting had been stopped by law, and at every railway station there were coloured pictures of birds which must not be killed. Among them were egrets, hoopoes, and plovers. The people were being taught that some birds, notably the egret, were good friends to the farmer.

Lord Allenby found that Lord Kitchener was instrumental in getting this legislation passed. The man whom the world regarded only as a soldier was really as much interested in birds' nests as in forts, and while some people thought his sole duty was to protect British interests he was just as zealous in protecting the interests of a mother egret and her young.

This compassion for birds is a trait which is seldom mentioned when men discuss the field-marshal's military career, but it deserves to be equally known and honoured. It is for such things as this we rejoice to think that Kitchener stands in bronze at the Prime Minister's back gate as a plain man unadorned.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF A MOSQUITO?

To Keep Us Going, Says the Busy Net-Spinner

Although we are told that there is good in everything we have often wondered what good there can be in the mosquito. That troublesome insect is a terrible carrier of disease, and men of science are doing their best to exterminate it.

Yet there are people who would be in despair if they heard that every mosquito would be destroyed within a year. The death of the mosquito would be their ruin; the creature is their best friend, though it is the enemy of everyone else.

There are factories in Nottingham which are kept busy at the work of making mosquito nets. The workers never see the insect, but it is really their employer. Day after day they spin netting specially designed to keep mosquitoes away from beds in the Tropics, and every week they receive wages which would never be theirs if the mosquito did not like a bite of man for supper.

It is strange to think of whole families in Nottingham who, so to speak, are supported by mosquitoes. The furniture, the books, the gramophone, the clothes in the cupboards, the Savings Certificates in the tin cash-box, and the flowers in the parlour window were all bought with money which came indirectly from the mosquito—even the dog licence and the baby's bottle of Grade A milk. Possibly when these lace-makers of Nottingham speak about the friend of man they may be thinking, not of a quadruped with a wagging tail, but of a small insect with wings and a nasty bite.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

A Committee of Members of Parliament has been criticising the extravagance of some of the Government departments. Here are two instances.

Though the Army is smaller than before the war, the number of subordinates in four sections of the War Office has increased from 303 to 505.

An airship to be built by a private firm under contract is to cost £350,000, while a similar airship to be built by the Air Ministry will cost £150,000 more.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

A Prince Among Painters

Velasquez died on August 6, 1660.

Diego de Silva y Velasquez has often been called a prince among painters. Three aspects of his life justify this saying. He never had to struggle with poverty or opposition; he spent most of his years in the palace of a king; his work had a courtly distinction of its own quite apart from the subjects he painted.

Velasquez was born in a well-to-do, cultured home in Seville in 1599. When he was quite young he said he was going to be a painter, and a few years later his studies began, first with Herrera and then with Pacheco, whose daughter became Velasquez's wife.

Honours Heaped Upon Him

When the painter was twenty-four he rode off to Madrid to see the King of Spain, Philip IV, taking with him a picture that is now famous throughout the world. It was called the Water-Seller, a scene of street life in Seville, and was given by Ferdinand VII of Spain to the Duke of Wellington.

Philip saw at once that here was a painter of unusual merit. He suggested that Velasquez should paint his portrait, and was so pleased with the result that he appointed him Court painter. The young man brought his family from Seville to Madrid and passed the rest of his life, with one or two intervals of study and painting in Italy, in the service of Philip.

As the years passed by honours were heaped upon him. He became Philip's confidential adviser as well as private portrait painter, and saw the king every day. Velasquez must certainly have known what his royal master looked like, for he painted him, in one way or another, forty times!

Mark of Supreme Genius

We can imagine how he loved the spells in Italy and the odd times he escaped from the Court to study street scenes in Madrid and Spanish landscapes. It is a mark of the supreme genius of Velasquez that in these long years of service his work should have been consistently great—how great the art world at the time did not know.

The pictures and portraits done by the Court painter were mainly kept in royal galleries. When they were transferred to the Prado Museum in Madrid a revelation of an almost unknown genius came to Europe. From the beginning of the nineteenth century onward artists have rendered the most profound homage to this most distinguished painter.

World's Most Perfect Technique

The work of Velasquez is marked by a uniform distinction of style and posing, a superb colour tone, and the most perfect technique in brushwork that the world has ever known. Light, the dewy freshness of the morning, seemed to tremble at the end of his brush. He was a master of grey, silvery tones, of tints as clear as water-colour.

There are about 270 pictures in existence attributed to Velasquez, and of them England has a royal share in public galleries and private collections. They are not only portraits of courtiers and princes, the children and friends of Philip, but landscapes, a few religious studies, street scenes, and pictures of Court jesters and dwarfs that make an amazing chronicle of the time.

There are some excellent portraits and pictures by Velasquez in the National Gallery, the best probably being the portrait of Admiral Pulido Pareja. The finest collection, however, is in the Prado, Madrid.

SADIE'S LITTLE TOUR

And What She Saw

By One Who Went With Her

We have received these notes from a travelling correspondent who has been taking a little Canadian girl for a motor tour.

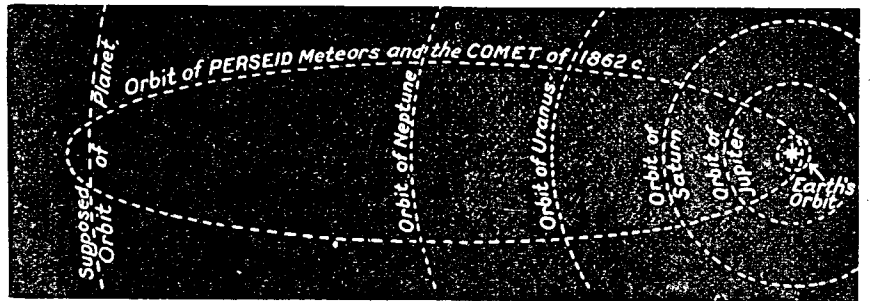
At the end of it all, when we were back again in our Wiltshire village, Sadie was interviewed. I wanted to find out what impressions had stuck in the mind of the ten-year-old, who always says she is not good at remembering things.

"What do you remember about Sherborne, Sadie?"

"I remember the school concert, of course, and how the boys and masters sang a madrigal, all sitting on chairs; and how as they sang the pretty tune they seemed to grow happier and happier, and some of them leaned back and sang as if in a dream, but some bent forward and sang as if they were saying 'Isn't this simply glorious, lalalala?'"

"And what do you remember about Winchester?"

"Well, I don't know, except that there was such a very narrow little High



The path of the Perseid meteors and the great comet of 1862 in relation to the orbits of the Earth and the major planets

Street and oak bread-platters with silver crosses on them for sale in the shops."

"But the cathedral?"

"Oh, yes, there was a great bunch of blue delphiniums there set up against a memorial tablet to the lady called Jane Austen, whose books people love."

Things Seen in Cambridge

"And what about Cambridge?"

"I remember how we went up some old stairs at Magdalene College, and were taken into an old library and shown a real volume of Pepys's Diary, written so very, very tidily in shorthand, with some of the long names in ordinary writing. And, oh, how cleverly he had had his bookcases made with long, deep spaces, so that one row of big books could be at the back, and one row of little books down in front of it! And there were lots of red snapdragons growing on a grey wall outside."

"And, oh, I do remember a lot about that time after all. We were shown a book about the cargo of the Spanish ships in the Armada. And the man said that the King of Spain had been shown it, and was very pleased with it and interested, and didn't mind a bit being conquered! Now, haven't I remembered well?" Sadie finished. "Don't ask any more!"

The St. Albans Policeman

"What about the Trinity kitchens?" I reminded her.

"Oh, I could never forget them. I saw the great oven of Trinity College in which gas is always burning. And the kitchen man put in a white tart and pushed it right back in the oven with a great iron stick, so far that I thought it could never be pulled out again. But he did haul it out with the stick, and it was brown then."

"And what do you remember about St. Albans, Sadie?"

"Oh, there we saw a policeman standing in the rain on a muddy road on a dear little white rubber mat so that he might not take cold. Perhaps his wife bought him the mat!"

A RAIN OF FIRE

EARTH IN A METEOR STREAM

Fragments of a Comet that is 4000 Million Miles Away

ASTRONOMERS SEARCHING FOR AN UNKNOWN WORLD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The Earth will cross the great stream of the Perseid meteors next week, but the presence of the Moon is expected to mar the display.

In the C.N. of July 23 attention was drawn to them and a star map given showing the Perseus region in the north-east sky from which they radiate.

Though generally but tiny bodies, these so-called "shooting stars" are of very great interest. Throughout a belt of space extending from the Earth to remote regions far beyond the orbit of Neptune and over 4000 million miles away these meteoric particles travel in a vast elliptical orbit, as shown in the picture below.

They are quite invisible even through the most powerful telescopes, and we should be unaware of their existence did not the Earth cross their path every year at this time. Because of this millions of these particles enter our atmosphere, where they ignite, owing to the velocity of some 26 miles a second with which they rush through the air.

As a rule they vanish in vapour and dust when some 30 to 40 miles or so above the Earth's surface. Multitudes thus end their existence, but each year myriads more take their place.

Whence comes the material for this annual rain of fire? It comes from the great comet which appeared in August, 1862—the third comet of that year. This comet is now far beyond the orbit of Neptune, and about 4000 million miles away. It is 1200 million miles beyond the known limits of the Solar System, having been travelling for the last 60 years to this remote and frigid region of starlight, where the Sun appears but as a star.

Comet to be Seen in 1985

This great comet will soon begin its return to the region of the Earth and Sun, but not until about 1985 will it adorn our night skies once more. Meanwhile its vast train of debris follows in its wake.

Now, we know that all comets of the Solar System have a powerful source of attraction near their aphelion point, that is, when farthest from the Sun, as well as their perihelion point, or when nearest the Sun. So what must be the great planet, some 4000 million miles away, to whose orbit the great comet of 1862 has now returned?

This is the trans-Neptunian world astronomers have been seeking for the last forty years. But whether its feeble light reflected from the Sun at that colossal distance can ever reveal this great unknown world is doubtful, though its existence appears certain. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west, Saturn south-west. Jupiter and Uranus east about midnight.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 37

Back to the Village

THE news brought by Hi Fo had completely altered the situation. Setting Ah Sung to prepare some food for the party Michael took his brother apart to talk things over.

"We can't leave them now, old chap," he said. "The villagers' plight is due to us. Lo Fing and I couldn't have escaped without assistance in the village, and I dare say Wang knows that Hi Fo was the man who helped us."

"Of course I agree," said Larry. "One good turn deserves another. And if you hadn't escaped you couldn't have rescued me, so we're under a double obligation. All the same it seems a pretty hopeless case. There's only a handful of us, none of us in good form. I feel worn out, and you must be worse. How can we pit ourselves against a crowd of pirates, all of them well armed? We can't save the village except by killing the pirates, and we're hopelessly outnumbered as well as hopelessly outclassed in arms."

"That's all true. But there are one or two points on the other side. A lot of pirates are away with the flotilla. If only we could get hold of Wang himself we should have the whip hand of them all. We've had great good luck so far, and our luck may still hold. The important thing is to get a move on while we've still darkness to help us. We had better see what the others say."

Of all the rest of the party Tim Bunce was the most eager to share in an attempt to "dish" the pirates.

"And I allow, sir," he concluded when giving his views, "that the Chinese gentleman did you a good turn, and if you can pay him back by having a slap at the pirates—well, I'm not the man to hang back."

"We must find out from Hi Fo what the present position in the village is," said Michael. "Chang, you question him: my Chinese isn't equal to it."

Hi Fo explained that the hunt after Michael and Lo Fing had been given up. Ming Wang Tang believed that they were in hiding somewhere near the village, and expected that his threat would result in the betrayal of their hiding-place; he had found a similar plan answer on former occasions.

"Then if the chase has been given up we shan't run much risk of discovery till we approach the village," said Michael. "I suppose there are still a good many of the pirates there."

Hi Fo stated that there might be twenty or thirty still there, some quartered in the large house where Michael had been brought before the pirate chief, the rest in the neighbouring house that had been occupied by Mirski.

"I wonder if Wang is still there," said Michael. "By this time I expect he has had news of what has happened at the fort. And if he has returned to the fort he will very likely have taken most of his men with him."

"In that case we shan't be able to kidnap him," said Larry.

"No; but it may make our job easier. Our handful, as you said, would be very little good in a direct attack on a gang of well-armed pirates, but if they are out of the way and we could raise the village against them there might be a different story to tell. The question is, can we look for any help from the villagers?"

Hi Fo gave him reassurance on this point. They hated the pirates, who tyrannised over them, commandeering their possessions and compelling them to perform all manner of menial service without pay. They would willingly give their aid to anyone who would free them from this subjection, and now

that they saw themselves and their homes threatened with destruction they would seize any chance of averting that calamity.

"That's another point in our favour," said Michael. "I don't minimise the risks; they are serious enough; but there does seem a chance of success. Everything depends, it seems to me, on whether Wang and his men are still there in force, and that we must find out. Mr. Fo can get into the village again without difficulty?"

"He says that he can," replied Chang, after consulting the man. "The pirates have the greatest contempt for the villagers, who have no firearms, and they keep no watch."

"That's another point in our favour. Well, if you are all willing we'll have a shot at it. And as the sun will be up in an hour or so we've no time to lose. Which of us is to stay behind and look after the launch and our prisoners?"

"Kill all fellas, all belongey dead," said Ah Sung, who had been gravely following the discussion.

"No; we can't do that," returned Michael. "But as Mr. Fing is more exhausted than the rest of us, after all that he has gone through since his farm was burned, I think he had better remain in charge here. The prisoners are well tied up; this is a very secret spot; and he will have the opportunity of taking a good rest during the few hours we expect to be absent."

Lo Fing agreed to this suggestion, and in a few minutes the party set off in the sampan armed with their prisoners' rifles, Bunce carrying in addition the crowbar which had been so useful in the liberation of Larry from the cage. The farmer put them ashore a short distance down the creek, commended them to the care of Providence, and returned to the launch.

Led by Hi Fo, the little band of five marched on as quickly as possible, gained the footpath that led past the joss-house, crossed the fields, and at length made their way cautiously to the orchard into which Michael and Lo Fing had escaped from the barn. There they had arranged to halt while Hi Fo crept stealthily into the village, discovered the situation there, and made certain arrangements that Michael had suggested.

Hi Fo went off as quietly as a ghost. The rest waited anxiously and impatiently for his return. It was growing perilously near the dawn, and their sole hope of success lay in action before daylight disclosed the smallness of their numbers.

CHAPTER 38

The Boatswain Roars

EVERYONE heaved a sigh of relief mingled with anxiety when they saw the form of Hi Fo stealing toward them through the trees. In whispers he reported to Chang the result of his reconnaissance, and Chang in tones equally low translated his words to the three Englishmen grouped closely round him.

Some hours before, he said, there had been a great commotion in the quarters of Ming Wang Tang. Two messengers had come in hurriedly from the fort and had demanded instant admittance to their chief.

After their interview with him it appeared that he had decided to return with the messengers to the fort, for a large party of his men had assembled at the door of the house as if to escort him. Then apparently he had changed his mind suddenly; the men were dismissed to their quarters, and the place settled down into its former silence.

"That's a pity," said Larry. "I wish they'd gone."

"But what of the villagers?" asked Michael.

Hi Fo reported that he had spoken secretly with trusty friends. They had welcomed with enthusiasm the chance of throwing off the pirates' heavy yoke, and showed a whole-

hearted confidence in the ability of the Englishmen to rescue them.

The first glimmerings of dawn were appearing as the little party stole out of the orchard toward the barn that had been Michael's prison. Guided by Hi Fo, Michael and Bunce led the way, Larry, Chang, and Ah Sung following closely. Their only chance of success lay in taking the pirates by surprise, and scarcely a rustle could have been heard as they tipped to the rear of the barn.

The pirates' quarters were not more than fifty yards away. Peeping round the corner of the barn, Michael saw the dim form of a man, apparently a sentry, loitering negligently against the wall of Ming Wang Tang's house. Mirski's house, in which the smaller number of pirates were quartered, was some twenty yards farther on.

In pursuance of the scheme which Michael had thought out with Larry, Ah Sung and Hi Fo, unarmed, strolled toward Wang's house unconcernedly, as if they were villagers early astir. The rest of the party, watching with bated breath from the corner of the barn, saw them saunter along past the house door until they came level with the sentry, who, throwing one glance at them, did not deem them worthy of further attention.

Suddenly, however, there came a change upon this quiet scene. Ah Sung, springing like a panther, made a swift pounce upon the idle sentry. There was a slight, short scuffle. Michael and his three companions darted out from behind the barn, and by the time they reached the struggling group the sentry was lying senseless on the ground.

Hi Fo, who as an old inhabitant knew the house that Ming Wang Tang had appropriated, ran to the door, followed by Michael and Bunce; Larry, with Chang and Ah Sung, meanwhile dashing on toward the second house. Hi Fo found the door bolted. Without hesitation he swung to the left, where a garden wall about seven feet high abutted on the house, and clambered up, with Michael at his heels. Bunce took a look at the wall, muttered something under his breath, then leaped at it with an agility surprising in a man of his bulk. Assisted by Michael's ready hands the boatswain got astride; then all three dropped over into a small yard.

For a moment they crouched low at the base of the wall. Through an open window they looked into a dimly-lighted room. Several figures were visible; the shadows of others were thrown on the wall. To the right of the window was a door leading into the house. Whispering caution, Hi Fo, bending low, led the way to this door and stealthily tried it. It was not

fastened. He entered, followed by the others.

They found themselves in a gloomy passage. Groping their way along this, they were brought up by a locked door.

"Ming Wang Tang," whispered Hi Fo.

Michael understood that this was the room occupied by the pirate chief—probably the room in which the chief had harangued him, but which he had entered by another door.

"Now, Bunce!" Michael murmured.

The interiors of Chinese houses are often flimsily built; neither doors nor partition walls have any great strength. Against this door the boatswain threw the whole mass of his seventeen stone; there was a shriek of wood rent from hinges; and Bunce followed the splintered timber headlong into the room, with his friends behind him.

By the light of a small oil-lamp standing on a stool they saw the short, thickset, powerful figure of Ming Wang Tang spring from the low couch on which he had been lying. Whether he had been asleep or not they could not tell: there was no sign of drowsiness in the rapidity with which he leaped to his feet, snatched up a pistol, and discharged it at the intruders.

If he had been more deliberate his shot might have taken effect; but his aim was wild, and before he could fire again Bunce hurled his crowbar at him, and without uttering a sound he collapsed upon his couch.

Leaving Bunce to truss up the pirate, Michael and Hi Fo rushed across the room to a door on the farther side, unbolted it, and found themselves in a small ante-room, in which a quantity of rifles and muskets were piled. "The pirates' armoury!" said Michael to himself. "Here are enough weapons to arm half the village!"

But the idea had no sooner crossed his mind than a small door opposite was burst open, and there appeared the foremost of a crowd of Chinese, who, he supposed, had heard the report of their chief's pistol and were rushing for their arms. The ante-room was lighted only by such feeble rays as came from the lamp in Ming Wang Tang's room, and in semi-darkness Michael and Hi Fo charged the incomers, beating them back with the butts of their rifles.

The pirates were naturally bewildered and confused by this sudden and wholly unexpected onslaught. Their leaders recoiled upon those behind; every man was shouting at the top of his voice, and amid the din it was impossible for those in the rear to understand what had happened. Accordingly they still surged on, and the narrow doorway became jammed with heaving bodies. The pressure from behind was forcing those in front step by step into the room, in spite of the bludgeoning they were receiving, and their cries became louder and louder.

And then, above all this tumult, reverberated a bull-like roar. Bunce, having finished his job to his satisfaction, rushed into the ante-room and hurled his massive bulk full at the disorderly throng. The thunder of his voice penetrated even to the pirates in the rear. No such sounds ever came from a Chinese throat. The men took fright and drew back; those in front of them redoubled their efforts to escape the vigorous activity of the clubbed rifles; and a few seconds after the boatswain's irruption the entry was clear and the whole body of pirates were scampering back into the room from which the pistol shot had drawn them.

"I'm a bit out of breath, sir," remarked Bunce, drawing his sleeve across his brow.

"We've a minute or two, perhaps, but—"

Michael stopped. At that moment they were aware of a mighty clamour outside, and the clatter of many feet rushing toward the house.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Most Popular French Dramatist

NOT one person in a hundred who could single out the most popular French dramatist would be able to name him by his real name. The reason is that when he began to write for the stage he took a fresh name, and it is by this name that he will always be known.

This Frenchman's father was a kind of Court official. He was upholsterer to the French king. It was a paying business, and the father made an arrangement by which the son would succeed him at Court. He received a sound education. Perhaps for a time he helped in the business, but his heart was set on acting, and he got together a company in Paris and started a theatre in a tennis court. Three years' experience proved the enterprise must be a failure.

Then he took his company into the country, and travelled round from town to town for twelve years.

The chief of the company found, as time went on, that the farces and comedies which he had himself begun to write were more popular than the tragedies of the writers who had a national renown, and gradually he felt that he was working out a success of his own, both as writer and actor. On managing to secure the patronage of the king's brother, who allowed the company to take his name, he returned to Paris. At first he tried the classical drama, but it did not prove very attractive. Then he let Paris see the lighter kind of plays which had pleased the countryfolk, and Paris, too, was pleased. So was the king, and in proof of this he presently allowed the company to be called his company.

The actor-author and his company were now the king's servants. Their leader had a place at Court.

Most of the plays which the master of stagecraft wrote were satires on the oddities and pretensions of different types of people, and they made the dramatist many enemies. People could laugh at other people being "taken off," but when they were themselves ridiculed they protested and said it was not fair.

The actor's health had been undermined by the difficulties of his wandering life, and he became at last really ill. The last part he ever played was that of a man who was always imagining himself ill when he was not. He played it finely, and then went home and died that night.

He is now regarded as the greatest dramatist France has produced. His real name was Poquelin. What is the name under which he remains immortal?



A Jolly Story for Boys and Girls



JACK-IN-THE-BOX

The Mystery Boy of Merrivale School

This week's issue of the RAINBOW, the jolly COLOURED picture paper, contains the opening chapters of the most remarkable school story for boys and girls ever written. It tells of a boy who arrived at his school in a box. Start reading it today in

THE RAINBOW Every Monday 2d.



Sweet Peace Be With You One and All



THE BRAN TUB

A Charade

MY first gives life and joy, and makes
The feathered songsters vocal.
Without my next we should not have
A habitation local.
Of usefulness my whole can boast
To sailors on a rock-bound coast.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The All-Green Parakeet

The All-Green Parakeet is an inhabitant of Eastern Brazil. It may be seen flying in large flocks from grove to grove, or ravaging rice and maize fields. It is about ten inches in length, and can be distinguished from other members of its family by the long tail and green plumage. Its cry is a short, sharp scream.

Ici On Parle Français



Le chameau Le daim Le dahlia

Le chameau est le vaisseau du désert.
La rapidité du daim est proverbiale.
Le dahlia s'épanouit au mois d'août.

The Stick Problem

I HAD a stick which weighed eight pounds,
I sawed it up one day
In pieces eight of equal weight.
How much did each piece weigh?

Answer next week

Proverbs About Speech

THE least said, the soonest mended.
Deliver your words not by number but by weight.

Think today and speak tomorrow.
Many people speak much who cannot speak well.

Speech is silver, silence is golden.
One may say too much, even upon the best subject.

More have repented of speech than of silence.

It is sooner said than done.

Word-Changing

I ONE syllable am when rightly in view,
If backward you read me I'm syllables two;
Add one letter, and then you'll quickly agree
By that simple addition I'm syllables three.

Answer next week

Black and White Jig-Saw



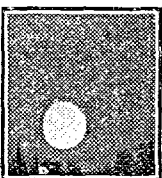
CUT out or trace carefully these black shapes and rearrange them so as to form a crab. The figure will appear white on a black background.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar.

THE ringdove lays a second time.
The second broods of house martins are fledged. The last swifts are seen.

The songs of the coal tit, common linnet, and yellowhammer cease. The silver spotted skipper butterfly and the hornet fly appear.
The carline thistle, purple melic grass, red goose-foot, soapwort, and orpine are in flower.



Looking South
10 p.m., Aug. 10

Do You Know Me?

YOU'll find me in sunshine but not in ray,
You'll find me in lively but not in gay,
You'll find me in burrow but not in dig,
You'll find me in vessel but not in brig,
You'll find me in supper but not in tea,
You'll find me in padlock but not in key,
You'll find me in compact but not in firm,
You'll find me in reptile but not in worm,
You'll find me in finger but not in hand,
My whole brings tidings from every land.

Answer next week

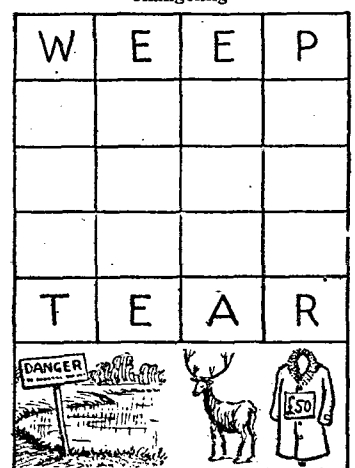
A Hint to Carpenters

IT sometimes happens when we are driving nails into a piece of wood, especially near the edge, that the wood splits. This nuisance can be avoided by boring holes for the nails, but we can usually save ourselves this trouble by holding the nails upside down on something hard and blunting the points slightly by tapping them with a hammer. The nail can then be driven in with little risk of splitting the wood.

Do You Live at Macclesfield?

THE origin of this name is not quite certain. It probably means the matchless field, a reference to its fertility in agricultural days, but it is possible that it was once Makele's field, Makele being the name of its owner. This personal name, however, has not yet been discovered in any old records.

Changeling



Change the word Weep into Tear with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

How Cheddar Cheese Got Its Name

CHEDDAR cheese was made originally at the Somersetshire village of Cheddar, in the Mendip Hills. During manufacture the whey is several times skimmed off, beaten, and poured again over the curd. The peculiar flavour is given to it by the grass of the rich pastures on which cattle feed in Somerset.

An Arithmetical Puzzle

I AM composed of four letters;
multiply my fourth by 2 and you have my first; divide my first by 20 and you have my third; divide my third by 50 and you have my second, multiply my third by 10 and you have my fourth.

Answer next week

Jacko Looks Over the Wall

JACKO wasn't at all keen on Colonel Chimp, the fierce old gentleman who lived next door.

"I wish he would clear out!" he told his mother one day. "I've never known anybody make such a fuss about trifles."

Colonel Chimp certainly did get very cross sometimes. He didn't call it a trifle when a cricket ball came over the wall and smashed his greenhouse; and when some of his best apricots disappeared he seized his hat and rushed in to see Mr. Jacko, bubbling over with indignation.

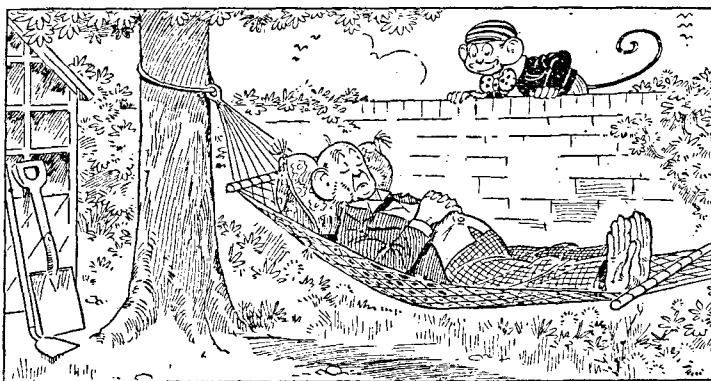
"It's a scandal, sir!" he exclaimed, thumping the table. "My garden isn't safe to walk in with projectiles coming over the wall every few minutes; and as for my apricots—" He spluttered so much that he couldn't go on.

Of course Mr. Jacko was wild with Jacko. He gave him a good caning, and told him that there was another in store for him if he heard any more complaints.

That didn't make Jacko any keener on Colonel Chimp.

"The old sneak!" he exclaimed. "What's he to expect if his apricots hang over this side of the wall!"

The fruit certainly was very tempting; and in spite of past canings Jacko simply couldn't resist some lovely ripe cherries which he found poking over the wall one morning. He was after them in a twinkling, but when he popped his head over



Jacko looked at Colonel Chimp and grinned

to make sure that the coast was clear the other side he clean forgot all about the cherries. There was Colonel Chimp, fast asleep in a hammock a little way off!

Jacko grinned from ear to ear, and looked up at the sky. "There aren't many clouds," he said wickedly, "but I shouldn't be surprised if it doesn't rain all the same." And he clambered down the wall again and went in search of the hose.

Colonel Chimp moved uneasily in his sleep. He must have had a warning dream, for when Jacko came back with the hose he seemed to have tucked himself up tightly under his rug. He didn't stir, though Jacko played the hose on him for quite a long time.

It was really very disappointing. Jacko had expected to see the old gentleman spring up with a loud roar while he himself dodged down behind the wall. He flung the hose away in disgust, and tried to think of some other trick to play on him.

"I'll give him a bump!" he said with a grin, and he hopped over the wall and began cutting through the hammock rope with his penknife.

There was a crash, and down went the hammock with a bump. But the figure in the rug never stirred, for the simple reason that there was nobody there! Colonel Chimp had, been awake all the time, and he had slipped out of the hammock while Jacko was fetching the hose.

"Ha, ha! It seems I've had a lucky escape!" he said, suddenly pouncing on Jacko from behind a bush.

Jacko struggled in vain. There was no lucky escape for him.

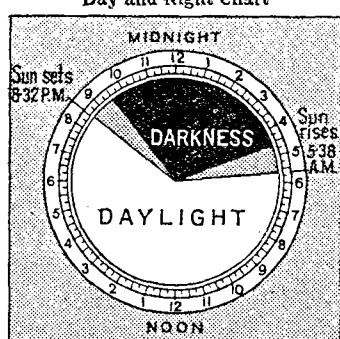
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	1585..1684..	843.. 827
Birmingham	403.. 435..	186.. 195
Liverpool	375.. 430..	190.. 184
Manchester	269.. 369..	181.. 169
Dublin	217.. 269..	111.. 110
Leeds	170.. 200..	113.. 105
Edinburgh	165.. 162..	97.. 108
Plymouth	75.. 86..	48.. 38
Sunderland	74.. 90..	53.. 41
Rhondda	64.. 72..	22.. 31
Southampton	61.. 69..	35.. 37
Chesterfield	42.. 25..	12.. 13

The four weeks are up to June 25, 1927

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

DI MERRYMAN

Force of Habit

MR SMITH: I think our new neighbour must be a clerk.

Mrs. Smith: Why?

Mr. Smith: I saw him at work in his garden today, and every time he stopped digging he tried to put the spade behind his ear.

Puzzling

THERE was a notice in the shop-window offering a reward for the finding of a lost half-Persian cat. Betty was puzzled.

"Why don't they tell us," she asked, "which half of the poor thing we are to look for?"

Asking For Trouble



A RASH lobster who'd failed to swim out with the tide
In his mind formed a curious plan:
Till the waves came to aid his return
to his home
He would hide in a battered old can!

But the poor fellow's scheme very quickly went wrong;
For when Snorum and Snap hove in sight
They remembered they'd heard of "tinned lobster" as food
So they ate him for supper that night!

Impossible!

THEY tell me Tom Simpson has turned out a great poet since he went to London.

Poet? How can Tom Simpson be a poet? Why, he was at school with me!

Not What Was Meant

KIND old lady to sad-looking boy:
And what is the matter, little man?

Boy: Well, they say that those ice-bricks last four hours. Mine didn't last four minutes.

A Grave Disappointment

SMALL BOY (looking forward to his birthday-party that evening): Oh, Mummy, what shall I do? Baby has torn two papers off the calendar and made it tomorrow!

Latest Jungle News

THE hyena wins everyone's praise, For at last he has mended his ways.

Of his laugh rude and loud
He no longer is proud,
He just giggles politely these days!

The Tripper's Song to the Sea

WITH all thy faults I love thee still.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle
Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:
A Word Square
E A S T
R E O S C I S S E L
A R E A
S E E K
T A K E
Behaved Words
Smart, mart, art
A Reversed Word Star, rats.
A Picture Puzzle
The objects were bench, pier, bicycle, cape, hod; from which we make the words beech, birch, cedar.
A Puzzle in Rhyme
Madam, Adam, Ada. In Roman numerals M = 1000 and C = 500.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 6, 1927

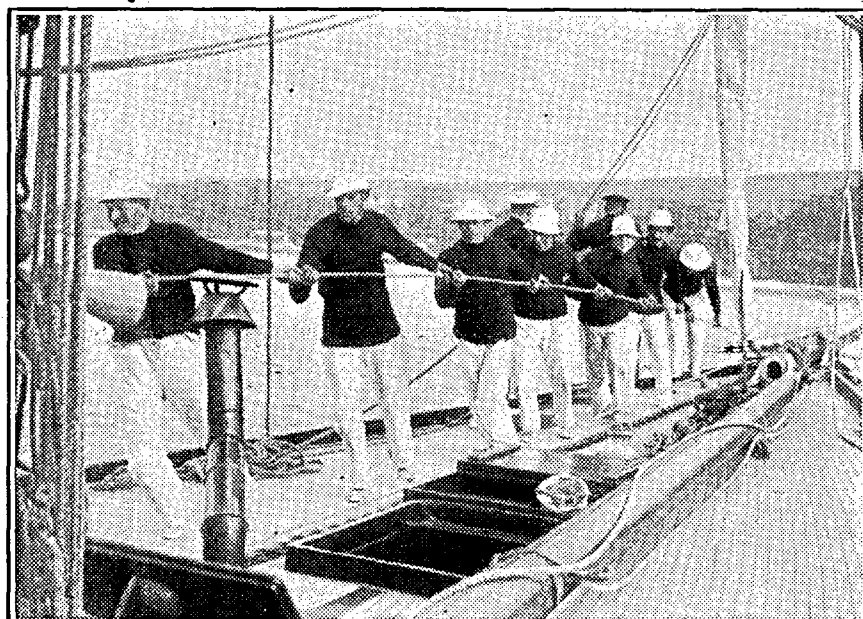
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

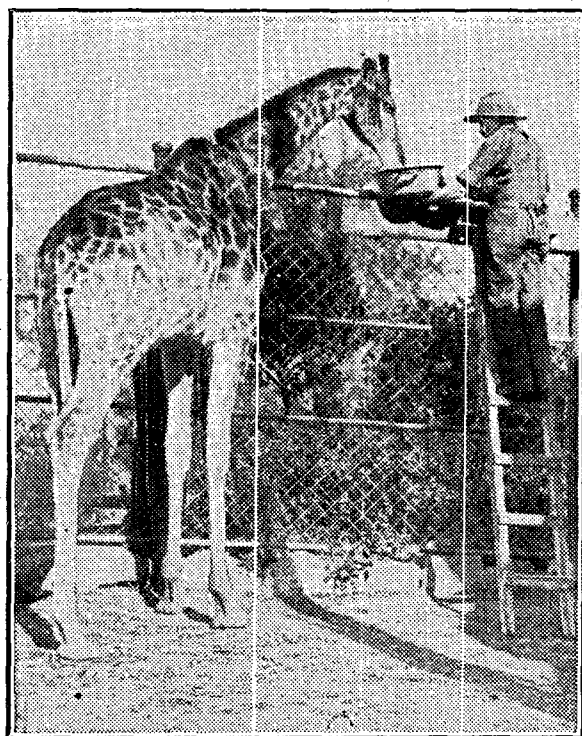
ELEPHANT LEARNS TO BEG • HOSPITAL FOR PETS • BOYS ON AN ENGINE



Summer at Last—The fine weather has been long delayed this year, but crowds of happy children are now enjoying themselves at the seaside, like these little bathers on the south coast



A Pull All Together—Many people who like sailing spend their holidays afloat, and yachts all round the coast are now being made ready. Here we see a crew at work on a big yacht



A Snack for the Giraffe—When the keeper in charge of this giraffe has some food for it he mounts a ladder in order that the tall creature may eat in comfort, as shown in this picture



Elephant Begs Like a Dog—Although elephants look so clumsy, this picture shows that it is quite possible for them to learn such tricks as sitting up to beg for buns



Doctor for Cats and Dogs—Miss Phyllis Vernon of Ealing has one of the most up-to-date animal hospitals in England. Here she is seen testing the lungs of a Pekingese with a stethoscope



Japan in California—This picture of Japanese schoolgirls in their picturesque national dress was taken at Pasadena, in California, where there is quite a big Japanese population



Schoolboys Inspect a Locomotive—A party of Plymouth schoolboys was allowed the other day to inspect closely the new Great Western Railway engine King George V, as shown here

YOUNGER BROTHERS OF THE HUMAN RACE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency.

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